

PLAIN TALK

DECEMBER, 1947

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A World of Freemen—America's Best Defense

PLAIN TALK

VOL. II, No. 3

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DECEMBER, 1947

A Word to You

EDNA LONIGAN, who will be remembered for her brilliant *I Taught Economics* in the September PLAIN TALK, contributes the second article in our series of constructive solutions to pressing social problems. The first, published last month, was Homer Martin's *Profit Sharing*. Miss Lonigan, an economist of standing, has long been a student of the subject discussed in her *Salvaging Social Security*.

THE FIRST accredited correspondent to enter liberated Hungary at the end of the war and among the first to penetrate southeastern Europe, HAL LEHRMAN covered the Balkans for *The Nation* and *PM* . . . his original pro-Soviet sentiments were blasted by his on-the-spot observations . . . after leaving Cornell where he had taught European history, he took up newspaper work in 1934 and served as reporter and foreign correspondent . . . during the war years he was with the OWI, heading the bureau in Turkey . . . his *The "New Man" in Dreamland* is an allegorical study of the fate of Henry Wallace's "common man" under the iron heel of the Red Army in the satellite countries * * * GLEB BOTKIN, author and illustrator of *Gabriel Was Here*, son of a prominent Russian family, a naturalized American citizen, will be remembered for "The Woman Who Rose Again" and his other books.

AAGE HEINBERG, who contributes *Finland in the Red Shadow*, visited that country last summer . . . a well-known Danish author and editor, now a correspondent in the United States for numerous Scandinavian newspapers . . . when his country was occupied by the Nazis, he was active in the anti-Nazi resistance . . . among his many works are his "Present-Day Russia" (1924) and "The Two Roosevelts"—a biography of Theodore and Franklin Delano * * * HOWARD RUSHMORE, former *Daily Worker* film critic, broke with the Communist Party in 1939 and is now labor editor of the New York *Journal-American* . . . his *Arty Party Line* affords a peek at literary standards as practiced by our home-grown Stalinists * * * EUGENE TILLINGER, the author of *L'Affaire Picasso*, an enterprising Austrian journalist, recently returned to this country from western Europe where he served as correspondent for NANA.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, who writes on the *Pearl Harbor Mystery*, is one of America's foremost literary critics . . . for years, he was daily book columnist on *The New York Times* and until recently book editor of *Harper's Magazine* . . . in his capacity as an editor of *Life* (since 1945) he covered the hearings of the Senate investigation of the mystery of Pearl Harbor. THE EDITORS

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STALIN'S SPY RING IN THE U.S.A.

THE COMING sensational case involving a great Soviet spy ring in the United States as a result of a grand jury investigation which has been going on in New York for several months, is merely a continuation of the famous Canadian inquiry into Communist espionage. When Prime Minister Mackenzie King visited President Truman in October, 1945, to acquaint him with the shocking revelations made by Igor Gouzenko, the Soviet Embassy code clerk, he was instrumental in starting the FBI machinery to ferret out evidence of the Soviet underground networks on the North American continent.

It became clear to President Truman, after Mackenzie King's visit, that the Canadian case, in which a score of Soviet officials and Communist Party stalwarts figured, was but a small section of a vast secret beehive operating from the Panama Canal to Alaska. Several compartments of this hive have been probed by the grand jury, sending shivers through the entire hierarchy of the American Communist Party, and portending something like a major political quake upon the publication of the facts uncovered. These will show that:

Several of the topmost officials of the Communist Party in this country were acting as agents of Stalin's secret service, engaged in recruiting spies and filching state documents;

The intricate espionage organization in which more than one hundred scien-

tific and clerical workers were engaged, since the beginning of 1943, in gathering secret information about our atomic development, leading to the transmission of uranium-235 to Russia, was under the direct supervision of avowed Communist Party leaders;

The secret plans and blueprints of our B-36 Superfortress, long before its launching and going into action, had mysteriously and unaccountably found their way to the Treasury Department and into the hands of a ranking official there, whose function was in the field of international finance, and that they later passed into the hands of Soviet agents;

Several of the highest officers of the old National Labor Relations Board were clandestine members of the Communist Party and formed a secret spy "centre" in Washington;

Certain high and trusted officials in the State Department, including one who had played a leading role at Yalta and in organizing the United Nations, delivered confidential papers to Communist agents who microfilmed them for dispatch to Moscow;

Certain leading lights in the councils of the CIO and the PCA were deeply involved in espionage and other illicit activities;

One of the ghostwriters for a prominent United States Southern senator of pronounced pro-Soviet sentiments was an underground operative of the network;

* Various disguised quarters were used

by the ring in Washington, New York and elsewhere—such as a violin studio, a jewelry shop in a fashionable district, and a documentary film establishment—for the purposes of transacting espionage business, transmitting micro-filmed information, and receiving funds from couriers.

SHOULD THE national spotlight be focused in full upon Stalin's subterranean forces in the United States, the mystery of Earl Browder's removal as head of the American Communist Party might be cleared up in a startling manner.

It is no longer a secret that Browder has been haled before the New York Grand Jury for repeated questioning. It is a matter of public record that Browder, as Secretary General of our Communist Party, had at one time transmitted funds from the United States to Sam Carr, the Organizing Secretary of the Canadian Communist Party. Mr. Carr is the missing vital link in the Canadian spy ring, who disappeared without trace upon the disclosure, early in February, 1945, that he had spent at least \$3,000, supplied by Moscow, to secure a false Canadian passport for a Soviet undercover agent, Ignacy Witczak, residing in Los Angeles. The transaction was carried out by Carr upon instructions from Col.-Gen. Kouznetsov, Chief of the Red Army Intelligence. It is further a matter of record that Mrs. Earl Browder, a prominent Russian Communist, had entered the United States illegally via Canada, with identity papers of undetermined origin and under circumstances which she could not explain.

The sensational retirement of Browder as leader of the American Communist Party followed within a couple of months the exposure of the Canadian

spy ring with its far-reaching American ramifications. There were many theories, none satisfactory, offered at the time as to the reasons for Browder's strange dismissal.

Equally sensational and inexplicable was Browder's trip late that summer to Moscow, an extraordinary pilgrimage for a Communist chieftain in disgrace, where he conferred with Molotov. Now we have the testimony of the late General Walter Krivitsky, Chief of the Soviet Intelligence in Western Europe—who was found shot to death in a Washington hotel in February, 1940, under mysterious and still unsolved circumstances—that Molotov had for years been in supreme charge of all American underground and espionage operations.

It is an unwritten law among Russian revolutionary conspirators and in all underground organizations, that the discovery or collapse of one section of a network puts in jeopardy the entire series of secret rings. The Canadian disclosures created an upheaval within the Kremlin and led to immediate measures for the safeguarding of the Soviet fifth columns across the Atlantic, such as changes in command and temporary interruption of operations open to suspicion.

Among the questions Browder might have been asked when he appeared before the New York Grand Jury are:

Did you, by any chance, run into Sam Carr in Moscow? Did you ever have any traffic with Ignacy Witczak? Did you ever receive and transmit atomic secrets from West Coast comrades? Did you confer with Gen. Kouznetsov, Chief of Red Army Intelligence? And did you discuss with Mr. Molotov the Canadian espionage case and the status of the American Communist Party?

I.D.L.

A Commissar Interprets:

THE SOVIET PATTERN FOR GERMANY

By ALEXANDER BOEKER

What are Stalin's real plans for Germany? To clarify the confusion on this cardinal issue in the minds of our statesmen and leaders of public opinion, the writer uses a spokesman of the Politburo to interpret Soviet policy. Through this device we get a vivid outline of Moscow's designs. Long a student of Soviet-German relations, Mr. Boeker, himself a German, is well-known in Washington for his wartime record as an anti-Nazi. Educated in Great Britain, a Rhodes scholar, he was on the staff of Human Events until recently. This article is of special import in connection with the meeting of the Big Four in London for the purpose of framing a settlement of the German-Austrian problem.

AS A consequence of the Second World War, a complete revolution in the balance of power has taken place. No longer can we play one great capitalist power against the other. We are left face to face with the only great power besides ourselves, the United States. This makes it necessary for us, in the present state of flux, to expand the area under our control as far as possible. We must deny the American capitalists as many bases and satellites as possible. The control of all of Europe has become a prime necessity for us. But we can control Europe only if we use the Germans, the most numerous and the most industrious nation of the continent, as the keystone of our European system. We need the Germans as vassals so that we can employ them as watchdogs over the rest of Europe. That is why our German policy is of crucial importance to our entire strategy.

The new team that controls American foreign policy under Commissar Marshall seems to have learned something from the mistakes of its predecessors. True, they are so deeply caught in their past errors that they can hardly extricate themselves quickly and completely enough to win the game, if indeed they are

are as yet really clear in their own minds as to what they want. In any case, from now on we shall have to be careful and we can no longer automatically count on their mistakes to win our battles.

What matters is that in the coming line-up of powers, the Germans must be on our side so as to give us the controlling power in Europe. No other nation can give us that.

We must therefore adopt every tactical move that will lead to this strategic goal. We must actively champion a united and strong Germany. We must proceed at once to form a German Government in eastern Germany, endowed with all the symbols of national unity, which will claim to represent the whole of the German people in all zones. Let General Clay protest. We shall set it up right under his very nose, in Berlin. What can he do other than send us notes? The more face the Americans lose in Berlin the better. We can make things hot for them there, and if they should withdraw from the German capital, all Germany would know that the day is not very far off when they will withdraw from western Germany also. And then all Germany will try to make its peace with us. Even now they are

reluctant to gang up with the American imperialists because they are not really sure of their support.

Let us never forget this, Comrades: All peoples have a strong desire to remain a united nation, but none more so than the Germans because of their past history of disunity. We must capitalize —pardon the term—on this feeling, and we must not be finicky about whom we work with. Even notorious anti-Communists can serve our purposes temporarily. We can always liquidate them later. The crucial factor is that we remain the foremost champions of German unity. Whoever reunites the present fragments of Germany, will reunite Europe under his leadership. Fortunately, the Americans have not yet caught on to this. The day they do, and make up their minds to do something about it, our present strategy may have to be radically revised.

Some of the new leaders of American foreign policy, perhaps due to their military training, are beginning to think in strategic terms, although their day-to-day diplomacy is still clumsy. Strategic thinking is a new factor in America, and though still confined to a very small group of people, constitutes a threat to Soviet policies. This is most clearly exemplified by General MacArthur's policy in Japan which prevented us from gaining any worthwhile foothold in that country. Thanks to this policy, Japan is now a virtual satellite and strategic outpost of the United States. Had President Roosevelt pursued a similar policy in Germany, our plans would have been set back by decades. Fortunately for us, he did the very opposite. Now the Americans are blaming it all on us, although it is a known fact that we would never be where we are today had it not been for the policies of President Roosevelt and his advisers.

As to GERMANY, the school of thought now winning the upper hand in America favors restoring the economic life of a disarmed and democratic western Germany and integrating it with western Europe. This view, first expounded by Herbert Hoover, is now shared by most of the leading members of the President's Cabinet and by many influential leaders of public opinion. As Comrade Stalin pointed out, this is a great threat to our own plans, but we should not overrate the danger. There are three factors, not touched upon by Comrade Stalin, which give us not only hope, but confidence.

First, the advocates of western German recovery are by no means in sole control of American policy yet. There are still many in high places who, for some reason or other, detest the new course and are consciously or unconsciously sabotaging it.

Despite all the talk about building up the German economy and despite all the money expended on the subject, the Americans and their British allies are still engaged in tearing down factories in western Germany. Some of the plants are even being shipped to us. Could anything be more idiotic from the American viewpoint?

Our second reason for confidence is the disunity in the American camp. Our propaganda and that of our Slavic satellites against the revival of the German economy is not without effect in America and in western Europe. Many people there, both on the Right and on the Left, are faithfully echoing our arguments.

Most hopeful for us is the attitude of France. The old French fear and hatred of the Germans works as an effective brake on American efforts to include Germany in the Marshall Plan. Of course, our French comrades, in

loyal execution of our orders, are doing their best to fan the flames of hatred and nationalism, just as our German comrades are doing across the Rhine. By keeping these two nations apart, we can indefinitely banish the nightmare of a Europe united under American auspices.

The third ground on which we can base our hopes—perhaps the strongest of all—is the precarious economic situation of western Europe, not only at the moment, but in the long run. You may have noticed, Comrades, that the Paris Plan of the sixteen nations assumes that by 1951 the old trade pattern between eastern and western Europe will have been re-established; in fact, the entire estimate of American subsidies is based on that assumption. In other words, if we prevent the resumption of this trade, we can wreck the Marshall Plan, or at least, we can force the Americans to fork out much larger sums than they are prepared to spend.

Western Europe, overpopulated and highly industrialized, cannot live without the food resources of eastern Europe, but our satellites in eastern Europe can live without the industrial goods of the West, albeit at a lower level than before. At present, any crop failure in the Western Hemisphere spells disaster for western Europe. We can indefinitely prolong this state of insecurity by simply obstructing the restoration of prewar trade with our part of Europe. Is this not a unique chance for us? What more powerful ally could we have than the hunger of millions of workers?

ALL THESE reasons, together with the certainty of an early economic crash in America, lead me to be very optimistic about the future of our plans.

The Marshall Plan is not a final solu-

tion of Europe's problems, but only a holding operation, sufficient to prevent the early collapse of the tottering bourgeois regimes in western Europe. It may, for a time, bring about that containment of our power which Commissar Marshall desires. But we have nothing more to fear from "containment" than a delay in our timetable. That might be serious, but it would not be fatal.

During the conference in Silesia, when we revamped the Comintern, we heard many critical remarks from our Polish and Czech comrades about our German policy. They are very much afraid that we might some day abandon them in favor of Germany. When I say that we need a strong Germany, I mean a Germany strong as compared with the rest of Europe, but not, of course, as compared with us. The Germany we shall build will be our vassal, and a vassal must always be weaker than his master. You need not have fear on that score.

By virtue of their number and industrial skills, the Germans are our natural allies in Europe. It is only through them that we can rule Europe. To build our policy on Pan-Slavism, on friendship with Poland and Czechoslovakia, would confine us to a provincial, eastern European outlook. The Pan-Slavist phase was a necessary stepping-stone to carry us into Central Europe. We can well afford to make sacrifices at the expense of Poland and Czechoslovakia as soon as we are sure of having Germany.

Let us never forget the trump card we are holding: the ten to fifteen million German expellees who want to go back to their old homes in the Sudetenland and in the provinces east of the Oder and Neisse. They are the balance wheel which will some day swing the Germans into our orbit. Of course, we

must never permit them to return by agreement with the Western imperialists who would share the credit with us. On the contrary, we must first prove beyond doubt that America is unable to help these people. Then, when Germany's desperation has reached its peak, we can offer to permit their resettlement as the reward for German submission. Our Slav vassals will not like that, but who cares? What can they do to us then?

WHILE WE try to anticipate any moves the Americans might make, there is always the danger of their adopting our suggestion of a single government for all Germany, on stipulated conditions. They might insist on elections along American lines, with American and British supervisors, just as Marshall did in Korea. We would of course, have to refuse, but that would convince the Germans that we, and not the Americans, are the ones who are cutting their country in two.

Then, there is also the danger that Commissar Marshall might repudiate American backing for annexation of Koenigsberg. He could easily find a dozen pretexts to do so. You remember, naturally, that at Potsdam the Americans did not agree to give us Koenigsberg; they merely promised to back our claims at the peace conference. To repudiate this promise now would, of course, be a mere gesture, but one of immense significance. It would put the whole world on notice that the Americans are interesting themselves in an area hitherto claimed solely by us. It would electrify the Germans, the Poles and the Balts. Perhaps particularly the latter, who know that they can never be independent again as long as Koenigsberg is Russian.

On the whole, we need not have fear of any spectacular move by the Ameri-

cans; we can continue to display initiative and await their reaction. The first stages of our plan for the setting up of a German Government in Berlin call for Grotewohl to be Chancellor and Pieck, Vice-Chancellor and Minister of the Interior. Marshal von Paulus shall have the police, because this will be the nucleus of a future German Army on German soil. We shall, step by step, increase the "police force" until it is an army, a German army loyal to Soviet Russia. We had better place the new police-army close to the western borders of our zone so as not to frighten the Poles and Czechs prematurely. Also, this will enhance the hopes of our friends and the fears of our enemies in the western zones. Some day Paulus must march for us on Hamburg, Frankfurt and Munich. But that day is not yet here. It will come when there are large-scale riots in the Ruhr and when America is absorbed in fighting her own depression.

But our moves in Czechoslovakia must be well coordinated with our moves in Germany. We must make sure that our flanks are secured before we make the *decisive move*. And always remember: The decisive move is the capture of Germany, of all of Germany.

ANSWERS TO LIBERTYGRAM

1. Franklin, Benjamin—Letter to B. Vaughn, 1785
2. Browning, Robert—"Why I Am a Liberal"
3. Henry, Patrick—Speech in the Virginia Convention of Delegates, 1775
4. Heine, Heinrich—"Maxims"
5. Dryden, John
6. Lincoln, Abraham—Speech at Edwardsville, Ill., 1858
7. Adams, John Quincy—First Message to Congress, 1825

SALVAGING SOCIAL SECURITY

By EDNA LONIGAN

WHERE DOES the government keep the social security money it takes out of your pay check every week? At Fort Knox with the gold?

No, it doesn't keep it anywhere. It's all gone.

"Oh, it can't be gone," you say. "I pay it every week. They take it out of my salary. My boss pays every week, too, for unemployment and old age insurance. It can't be spent. It's my savings."

Unfortunately, it is spent. The government collects all the money that is paid by the millions of workers and by their employers, and then spends it all, as fast as the money comes in.

What do they spend it for? For whatever they want to buy—for pencils and jeeps, railroad cars and grass seed, for the care of the mentally ill, and for booklets on the feeding of babies. They may send it to Alabama or to Turkey, but it is all gone somewhere.

Can I prove it? Well, there just aren't two opinions on the subject. The law says the government may spend the money. It is spent. The government makes no pretense of having it on hand.

The social insurance trust fund, which holds the surplus funds of the social insurance system, the savings for future use, is "worth" 16.6 billion dollars, but it has no money. After using the money as it comes in, the government puts its own bonds in the trust fund. But bonds are not money. They are the government's IOUs, that is, its promise to lay *new* taxes in the future to redeem its bonds.

You can sell bonds and get money, you say; but could you sell billions of

dollars' worth in a depression? You certainly would not be able to sell them all in a hurry.

Who will pay the taxes to redeem the bonds? The rich, landlords, employers? The answer is: You will.

That would be paying twice, you say? They can't make us pay twice. If we paid once for our social security, and they spent the money, that is not our fault. They can't make us pay again to pay off their bonds. And they have to pay us our social security, don't they?

This is a trust fund. And trust funds are sacred. Who are the trustees? They are three government officials, headed by the Secretary of the Treasury. But government officials cannot criticize an official act of the administration. They could not keep our money from being spent on current needs even if they wanted to.

Certainly, you do not want to abolish social security. But you think there ought to be trustees to represent us who pay the money, as the present trustees represent the government which spends it. And you think Congress ought to investigate the whole social security question. It has already decided to do that.

But what would you do if you were one of the Congressional investigators? Why did Congress pass the law in the first place? What history is behind it?

SOCIAL INSURANCE is not new. Even in the Middle Ages, craft guilds had a system of benefits. When guild members were working, they paid contributions into a fund to take care of them when they were sick.

It was Germany which turned the world toward State social insurance. German industry was late in getting started, but began to grow with a great rush in the 1870s. Many workers left the rural districts and came to the cities, where it was difficult to save for illness and old age.

The world was startled when, in 1881, Prince Otto von Bismarck, chancellor of the newly-created German Empire, proposed that his government should set up insurance to protect all the nation's wage-earners against accident, sickness and incapacity, and to provide for their old age. The chancellor had been trying to suppress the Socialist Party; then he changed his tactics by stealing the competitor's thunder. His social insurance plan was copied from the mutual benefit funds of the Prussian miners, but it had three new facets. Every wage-earner was to be included; the government was to tax both workers and employers for contributions, and to take responsibility for the welfare of working-class families.

Bismarck was assured by both friends and enemies that he was "seeking to cast out a devil with the prince of devils." The plan was bitterly opposed by the trade unions and the Socialist Party, but it passed the Reichstag by a slender majority. The workers embraced the idea, and were gradually turned from hostility to the throne to pursuit of government benefits. As the program enlarged far beyond its original dimensions, opposition almost completely disappeared.

From Germany, Bismarck's innovation spread to England, the United States, and even the Antipodes. Governmental insurance completely outstripped the mutual associations in which the workers had managed their own affairs. In the short run, the new

State welfare plan gave the workers protection that they could not have given themselves. In the long run, it led to a great increase in the power of government over the whole life of the nation, and marked a total abandonment of the British and American idea that government should always be subordinate to society.

It has often been pointed out that Bismarck's strategy won over the Socialist parties and changed them from revolutionaries to evolutionaries, bent only on getting more and more benefits from the government. It has not so often been noticed that Bismarck thus destroyed the Liberal parties. And in England the Liberals, who had introduced social insurance, likewise signed their own death warrant.

England applied the idea of State insurance to unemployment in 1911. Unemployment had been growing more serious for several years. Germany did not adopt unemployment insurance until 1925. As the postwar financial chaos was followed by rising unemployment, social insurance was everywhere adopted as a desperate remedy, although the founders of State insurance knew perfectly well that it could not cope with a cataclysm.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt had talked of a social insurance plan like those of England and Germany, and he had set up a commission to make a report. The matter might have died there, if Huey Long's political stock had not begun to rise rapidly. Long had two very effective slogans: "Every man a king," and "No one ought to have more than a million dollars."

Newspapermen said the President would have to answer this challenge. He announced a full-fledged social security program. Congress was skeptical.

Aroused by New Deal extravagance, many legislators were glad to find a way by which people themselves would contribute to the funds which aided them in distress, as a substitute for Federal relief. The administration urged haste.

The debate centered mostly on how high the taxes should be. Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau wanted them high enough to cover the cost of the insurance in full. The reserve fund might have gone as high as 75 billion dollars. Congress at first agreed. But when it saw that the money was being spent as fast as it came in, it decided not to increase the social insurance taxes. Otherwise, the government would have collected a much larger sum from social security contributions, and it would all have been spent.

Congress had planned that the government would use social security payments to buy up old government bonds, and take them off the market. It never occurred to anyone, in Congress or out of it, that the government would just spend ten billions *more* than they would have spent without the social security tax.

As it has worked out, social security has really been a gross income tax, falling most heavily on the workers with the lowest income or the largest number of dependents. For the employers, it has been a tax on ability to create employment or to raise wages.

There is no good reason why all the savings of contributors to social insurance should be pooled in one fund. Nor is there any reason why the custodian of that fund should be the Secretary of the Treasury, or any excuse for permitting that trustee to "invest" trust funds in his concern's debts.

Everyone's intentions were good. The conservative Treasury officials insisted on what they thought was the most con-

servative thing to do with other people's money. The procedure would have been sound if the administration had cut its spending program. But, after the social insurance laws had been passed, relief expenditures rose. New kinds of spending were added; no kind was taken away.

Government bonds had always been the safest investment in English-speaking countries. But the financial officials forgot that no one really invests in "securities." It is the security behind the security which is the real safeguard. Because the American and British governments had borrowed very little money and had promptly paid it back, their securities had always been in demand. But when the United States began borrowing a great deal of money, and ceased to balance its budget, its securities were subject to new hazards.

Yet there were economists who predicted strange results from the social insurance trust fund. Prof. J. Douglas Brown of Princeton University feared that the fund would absorb so many bonds that the government could remit some of the income tax on higher incomes, at the expense of the workers. Marion B. Folsom of the Eastman Kodak Company thought that with a fund of ten billions, ten billions of government securities would be gone from the market, the share left for the public would be affected, and interest rates decline because of competition for bonds.

Both English and German laws permitted the trustees of social insurance funds to invest their surplus in many different kinds of securities. They bought national and local government bonds, and mortgages. They also financed workers' housing. They could make whatever investments were legal for public funds in general.

Why did not the American fund di-

versify the risks of investment at least by dividing the purchases among bonds of State and local governments and mortgages on real estate? To tie the trust fund only to the Federal government was to limit it to that branch of government which was following the most amazing financial paths.

CONGRESS KNOWS what is going on, but it cannot stop spending unless the people express their opposition to what is happening to their money.

If you want to do something to safeguard your savings and those of your fellow-workers, you can write your Congressman and ask him to help amend the Social Security Act. Tell him you want Congress to set up a new Board of Trustees, a small board, on which there shall be no government officials. The board is to represent you—the savers—not government, the spender.

You can tell Congress that you want all the government bonds in the old trust fund transferred to the new trustees, and you want them to have power to sell these bonds whenever they wish, after two years have passed. Then they are to find the safest possible investments, and put your money into them.

Perhaps you may think you don't know enough about economics to say what ought to be done with ten billion dollars. But whose money is it? Perhaps the size of the fund appalls you. But it need not be so big. We do not have to put all the social-security savings in one pool. Each industry or firm or geographical area can take care of its own funds. Each area invested its own money in the German system, and that did not cause any trouble. They did the same thing in England. Non-profit organizations which had been insuring their members were permitted to act as insurance carriers for their mem-

bers, making collections and payments.

That is what we did in New York State when we passed a law for workmen's compensation insurance in case of accident. The law said the employer must be insured, so that the injured worker would be sure to get his money. It did not say how the employer was to meet his obligation. The choice was left to him. Some employers insured with mutual companies, some with profit companies, and some joined the "State Fund" which had been set up for compensation insurance. Some firms carried their own insurance by depositing securities with the State Industrial Commissioner.

Congress could permit separate firms and industries to follow the same procedure with insurance for unemployment and old age. Why not? The New York way is the rule of law. The citizen is given a new standard to meet. He is free to choose the way to do it. The new way in which the government is the only "insurance company" is the rule of bureaucracy, or administrative directives in place of law.

Problems arising from different systems could be easily solved. For example, if a man had been working as an engineer for the General Electric Company, which was self-insured, then took a job as an engineer in the garment industry, which was insured as an industry, the General Electric Company would send his record and his accumulated contributions to the trust fund of the garment industry.

There would still be a pool in Washington for very small firms, and for people whose work was casual or intermittent. But the saving would be enormous if administration was divided among hundreds of firms and industries, each taking its own workers.

Workers in the Baltimore social se-

curity office said the files seemed to be miles long. They had clerks who did nothing all day, day in and day out, but file the letter A.

In the New York State experience with workmen's compensation, the variety of insurance carriers led to a wide variety of experiments. Some insurance companies specialized in medical care and worked out important new ways to treat an injured finger or a bone. Others specialized in analyzing the causes of accidents, and found important new ways of prevention. One self-insurer worked on the prevention of infection in injuries—costly both in time and suffering. Because the insuring unit was small, and many were in competition, each firm was able to reach out and experiment, while all the firms gained the best results of each.

THE FIRST STEP is for Congress to take the social insurance trust fund out of the Treasury, and set up a new Board of Trustees which would have custody of the fund. Congress should give this board power to make any investment which is legal for savings banks and insurance companies. It might permit experimental use of the fund in semi-risk-taking investments, like rental housing. Congress should provide that no member of the Board of Trustees may be removed from office except by impeachment.

The office of director in a savings bank is an honorary position which able and responsible businessmen are glad to assume. Membership on the Board of Trustees for social insurance should likewise be a position of honor, to which the ablest men would be willing to turn.

The second step is for Congress to permit firms and industries to "contract out" of the mass insurance system by

assuming full responsibility for their financial obligations. The purpose here is to create deliberately a large number of insurance "carriers"; to get as far away as is possible from governmental monopoly of administration as well as of finance. These separate groups would retain control over their own funds and the investment of their own reserves.

There is more at stake here than money or "security." When Germany began her first social insurance experiment, she was on the road to greatness. No nation had ever made more rapid progress in a shorter time. When that progress was in full swing, Bismarck proposed that the government take the workers of the nation under its protection. Germany, under the Kaiser, became the leading Socialist nation in the world. Her decline then set in.

Social insurance was the most important step on the road to the new Statism. It reconciled the workers to the strong State which every forward-looking person had been trying to demolish. In response to the pressure for a solution of the social question, Bismarck made strong government fashionable again.

The English had offered no State protection to their workers in the period of their most violent growth. They depended on the rapid rise of new employment and the right of the worker to move freely to new jobs, to give the most rapid and satisfactory protection to the thousands of workers who had come from the country to work in the towns.

Suffering was bitter in hard times, but each wave of prosperity carried the workers higher. Even more important, they had liberty. They would not have exchanged the possibility of making progress in good times for any support the government could have offered them when times were hard.

Even with this heritage, the English

succumbed quickly after Bismarck demonstrated what social insurance could do. In a study of unemployment insurance in England, made in 1924, Felix Morley said: "It is impossible to see in what way, except in additional expense, effort and complications, State-operated unemployment insurance in its degeneration differed from or was preferable to a regulated system of doles, with all the obvious defects of such a system." Failure could not be blamed on the war, he said. "Not the device of unemployment insurance but that device under State management has been found wanting."

But the rush to adopt government aid went on. The United States entered on its program at the top of the wave of governmentalism and centralization. Its scheme is the most centralized and governmentalized of all.

WE DO NOT NEED a social insurance monolith in which all administrative and financial power is concentrated in a division of the executive arm in Washington. We need a great multi-

tude of social insurance funds, in each of which a great many people will be learning the arts of management and finance that otherwise would be restricted to government officials alone.

Our heritage of liberalism means more than trying to keep government from becoming too strong. It means working actively to help the people become stronger by doing things themselves. Only those things that they manage, can they ever truly possess.

Even if we could turn our savings over to government and be assured of sound financial management, it would still be unwise to do it. When more and more of the work of a nation is centered in a great governmental monopoly, there are few places left where men can be their own rulers.

It is the purpose of true liberalism to break down all monopolies and concentrations of power. We can salvage our social security system and the jeopardized savings of the workers only by keeping faith with the principles of divided authority, in the tradition of a free society.

Behind Molotov's Boast

PARIS, November 9—At a dinner given by the Soviet Embassy in Paris to a select group of diplomats from Russian satellite states on November 7, the Soviet Ambassador, Bogomolov, commenting on Molotov's implication that Russia has the atom bomb, disclosed that his country has "atomic laboratories and fortresses" near Zlatoust, south of Cheliabinsk in the Urals. He added "There is more behind Molotov's enigmatic statement than meets the eye. I know for a fact that we are now engaged in the mass production of a guided missile (V-bomb?) formerly produced by the Wehrmacht at the Penemuende (Germany) armaments center. This plant, which was taken over by Soviet experts, has been reassembled on a gigantic scale in eastern Siberia." Bogomolov continued with a smile, "In case of need, we could subject both Alaska and the Canadian Pacific coast to a mass bombardment."

LEON DENNEN, Correspondent for PLAIN TALK

BETRAYING THE NEGRO CASE

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

THE PRESENTATION, on October 23, to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, of a 155-page petition by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), cataloguing the Negro's ills and appealing for redress, is likely to worsen race relations.

While the NAACP, with 500,000 members and 1,509 branches, is dedicated to the highly laudable task of eliminating prejudice, discrimination and segregation based on color, this reckless and irresponsible action plays right into the hands of the Negrophobes. Its insistence that the South is more of a threat to the United States than the Soviet Union is, and the contention that the United Nations General Assembly has an "obligation" to study the situation and make recommendations for the protection of the Negro "minority," is strictly in accordance with the Communist party line.

The Kremlin has long worked toward increased racial tension in the United States, and the inference to be drawn from the NAACP action is that the American racial problem is impossible of amelioration or settlement except by world action. It is also a re-emphasis of the line that colored Americans constitute a separate nation, whose position is allegedly so deplorable and hopeless that only the United Nations or forcible segregation in a "self-determined" Negro State can save it. Coming at the most crucial period in American history, when neither the Government nor the nation is disposed to tolerate any evidence of national disunity, it supplies ammunition to all the en-

emies of racial equality of rights and opportunities in this country.

This action is puzzling in view of the reaffirmation by the NAACP itself, in resolutions adopted at its Washington, D. C. conference in June, of "its adherence to democracy as a system of government and as a means by which to attain the Association's goal—the recognition of full citizenship rights for all people. We believe that this goal can be attained under the Constitution of the United States and *within the American democratic system*. . . The day-to-day fight for our goal must be conducted on a local, state and national level. As always, we invite the aid of like-minded persons and organizations. While welcoming such aid, the Association rejects the attempts of any organized clique, political party or religious group to seize control of the branches or the national office for the purpose of undermining the program to which the Association is dedicated."

How then does it happen that four months later the NAACP abandons this sensible program? What has happened since June to cause this desperate move? The answer can be found in the leadership of the committee that drew up the 155-page statement. The idea for the plea and the official direction of its working out came from Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, the Association's Director of Records and Research, noted author and notorious Communist-fronter. His associates, attorneys Perry, Ming, Konvitz and Dickerson, are all members of the Association's legal staff, while Dickerson is, in addition, a director. It is significant that a little over a year ago,

the Communist-front National Negro Congress, organized in 1936 to "capture" the NAACP and headed by party-liner Max Yergan, presented a similar petition to the U.N.!

During World War I when DuBois was editor of *The Crisis*, NAACP organ, he advised Negroes to "close ranks." He urged, "Let us forget our differences," although there were 95 lynchings during that period as compared to 15 during World War II. In the early thirties, he and his associates were slandered by the Communists as Negro "mis-leaders," perhaps because he embraced the idea of segregation, urged Negroes editorially to cut contact with white people to a minimum, and was rebuked subsequently by the NAACP board of directors. Ten years later he became a contributing editor of the *New Masses*, and last September was cited by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as a Communist or Communist sympathizer, along with Earl B. Dickerson, who is also a member of the Communist-front Council on African Affairs, formerly headed by Max Yergan. Both DuBois and Dickerson are sponsors of the Civil Rights Congress, notable for defending Communists afoul of the law.

DuBois was one of the 100 "leaders of the Negro people" who, on April 21, signed a statement repudiating "the Fascist-like proposal of Labor Secretary Lewis B. Schwellenbach to illegalize the Communist Party." This statement was initiated by DuBois and Paul Robeson and sent broadcast from 23 West 26th Street, New York, the address of the Council on African Affairs, although no mention was made of this organization in the release.

On June 11 DuBois was a scheduled speaker at an "Artists Fight Back" meeting at Manhattan Center, New

York City, staged by the "literary quarterly," *Mainstream*, along with John Howard Lawson, Hanns Eisler, Dorothy Parker and Howard Fast.

Three days later he was one of the scheduled speakers on a program discussing American-Soviet cooperation for peace at the Hotel Commodore, staged by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, along with Dr. Harry F. Ward, Corliss Lamont, Mary van Kleeck and Johannes Steel. The chairman of the meeting was the Moscow-praised Rev. W. H. Melish.

Back in June, Walter White indignantly denied a *Newsweek* statement that Communists had begun to infiltrate the NAACP, but that was before the issuance in September of the Un-American Committee's Baedecker of Communists and Communist sympathizers, which listed, in addition to DuBois and Dickerson, such NAACP stalwarts as Roscoe Dunjee, a director; attorney Raymond Pace Alexander, a long-time member and supporter; the presidents of the New York and South Carolina conferences of branches, and the presidents of the local branches in Boston, Detroit and Houston, to which might have been added several other branch presidents and some national officials.

While the evil conditions listed in the NAACP plea to the U.N. are true, it is also true that the U.N. cannot deal with them, as anyone familiar with the Charter knows. Nor will any U.N. member, Russia for instance, ever vote to establish the principle of interference in internal affairs.

No, speaking plainly, this NAACP action seems designed by a Communist front for only one purpose—to embarrass the United States before the world in a time of crisis when complete national unity is essential. In so doing, the NAACP is playing with fire.

PROLETARIAN SUN-GOD

A Play in One Act and One Page

Josef Vissarionovich Stalin, in a letter said to have been signed by 26,474,646 Soviet youths, was hailed today as "the sun of the entire world."
New York Herald Tribune, November 4, 1947

CAST OF CHARACTERS

GENERALISSIMO JOSEF VISSARIONOVICH STALIN Dictator of the World Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
SECURITY COMMISSAR BERIA Chief of MVD (formerly NKVD; formerly OGPU; formerly Cheka)

FOREIGN COMMISSAR MOLOTOV Master of the "No"
Scene is the Kremlin, Moscow. Generalissimo Stalin is seated at his desk in the office made famous by Elliott Roosevelt and Faye Emerson (see *Look* Magazine, September, 1946, for diagram). Commissar Beria enters from left.

BERIA: Morning, Boss. Remember the trouble we had in the Ukraine last year? We had to purge more than 36,000 party secretaries and a few millions of the filthy proletariat because the damn fools took some of those wartime slogans seriously. You know, the ones about fighting for Mother Russia, driving out the Fascist Beasts, and all that stuff?

STALIN: Yes. What's the trouble now?

BERIA: No trouble. You remember I promised I'd make them say "Uncle"?

STALIN: Uncle Joe?

BERIA: No, just plain Uncle. Well, it was some job. But I've got the results here. Seventeen lend-lease trucks and 24 lend-lease jeeps outside, full of signatures—over 26,000,000 of them!

STALIN: What's that in your hand?

BERIA: The letter they signed. Listen to this: "To Generalissimo Stalin, with all our heart we wish good health, our dear father. . . . We are obliged to you for our life, our education, our happy youth, our today and our tomorrow."

STALIN: Wait a minute. Call Molotov. I want him to hear this. I think he's had some funny ideas lately.

(Enter Molotov)

BERIA: (continuing) Here are some

good ones. "Anglo-American democracy offers the world nothing but the poverty and decay of bourgeois culture. Winston Churchill, John Foster Dulles and various agents of Anglo-American imperialism threaten a new war against the Soviet Union. But we free Soviet youth are not intimidated by the atomic bomb."

MOLOTOV: No.

BERIA: Right. It's no longer a secret. Our boys in the U.S.A. saw to that. Listen to this one: "Youth vows loyalty to you, Comrade Stalin, sun of the entire earth."

STALIN: You say 26,000,000 signed. What about the other 24,000,000 youths?

BERIA: All who hesitated are now being rehabilitated in the correctional labor camps. By the way, what shall I do with all those loads of paper full of signatures? Give them to Molotov?

MOLOTOV: No.

STALIN: Yes, Vyacheslav. Chuck them on your paper dump with all that other junk of yours—the Atlantic Charter and the agreements of Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam.

(Exit Beria and Molotov singing "I've Got a Little List.")

ALFRED KOHLBERG

THE "NEW MAN" IN DREAMLAND

By HAL LEHRMAN

Mr. Lehrman's *Russia's Europe*, just published by Appleton-Century (\$3.75) is a startling record of a liberal journalist's adventures and change of heart behind the Balkan curtain. It tells the story of the march of Soviet imperialism from the Black Sea to the center of western Europe. It supplies firsthand and unimpeachable evidence of the ruthless Russian looting of the newly-enslaved nations. It shows how the Communist minorities have seized power through intimidation and terror. The book, which is sure to attract nationwide attention, will be discussed in a subsequent issue of PLAIN TALK.

I COULD ATTEMPT a conventional report on what I saw during more than a year in Russia's Europe. But perhaps it would be better to create a Common Man, in the image of Henry Wallace's prototype, and take him from satellite to satellite in the Soviet orbit, and see how he fares.

Let's suppose that such a character—whom we shall call Peter Bogdan—is a "new-style" American liberal of Balkan origin. He is a type that frequently puts a question to me after my lectures about Russia's Europe. "All right," he says, "so there is suppression of personal liberty in the Soviet-dominated Balkans—but don't they have economic democracy, and isn't that just as good as political democracy? Listen, over there people wouldn't know what to do with our kind of democracy. In the Balkans a man wants bread first, not ballots. He wants a finish to the landowners and bankers. He wants schools for his children. He wants a democracy that gives jobs, not one that builds a voting-booth instead of a house . . . Sure, the Communists are in a minority, and have to govern by police methods for a while. Why not? If they didn't, the reactionaries would gang up and throw them out, and bring back the old despotisms . . . The other democracy can come later, but economic democracy must

come first. Anything else is unrealistic . . . old-fashioned liberalism. . . ."

Let's imagine that Peter Bogdan dreamed a dream one night, after a lively discussion about the Balkans, in which he had demolished a parlour-full of "old-fashioned" liberals. The thing to remember is that all that happens in his dream-world has its factual counterpart in the wideawake nightmare of current history.

HE WOKE UP in Rumania, somewhere near Bucharest. He woke up standing at his furnace in the Malaxa metal works and feeling a bit foggy. It seemed he hadn't been eating enough. No reason for it, the Workers' Committee in the plant kept telling him. Rumanian workers in the new people's democracy were the best paid in Europe. What if they had a little inflation? Didn't they have a new and comprehensive collective contract to protect them against it? Why, Peter Bogdanescu himself was getting a long string of bonuses over and above his ceiling wage. Also, the management was required to operate the *economat*, a kind of canteen, where Peter paid low legal prices for food which the bosses had to buy for him on the black market.

But there just didn't seem to be enough food nowadays, even on the

black market. The government said the shortage was due to the drought, but the reactionaries were complaining that the Red Army of Occupation had helped by grabbing most of the crops. It was also whispered that the Russians took the livestock, so the peasants couldn't plow. It was all very confusing, especially since Rumania had been such a rich food-growing country, and Peter got dizzier thinking about it. In fact, he was so weak he started toppling on his face into the oven. Just before he went in, he blacked out.

When he opened his eyes again, he was in Bulgaria. . . .

PETER STAYED in Bulgaria much longer than in Rumania. He particularly liked the parades. Sofia was very gay with big portraits of Dimitrov, Stalin, Marx and Engels in every store window and pasted on all the walls. In the processions, the pictures were carried on big poles, like flags. Several times each month, Peter and his colleagues would get orders to leave their cement works and go out and demonstrate. They all would meet at a prescribed street-corner and be checked off from a union list.

The nicest parades were the ones that ended with awards for industrial achievements. The citations hardly ever mentioned such things as production increases or higher efficiency. But there was always a phrase in the speeches about the recipient's heroic services against fascism.

When Peter and his friends weren't marching or attending factory committee meetings, they got out a little cement. The union leaders said most of it was going to Russia, in exchange for what that glorious ally was sending in all kinds of useful articles for Bulgaria's rehabilitation. Peter saw some

of these articles. There were great heaps of iron which had been collected by the Red Army in Austria as war booty. Very good iron it was, except that it did not fit Bulgarian specifications. In a warehouse near Peter's cement-pit lay 100 tons of low-grade Russian cigarette paper. Nobody could smoke it, not even the Russians—who didn't need to, having requisitioned the superior Bulgarian brand.

Peter understood that the Russians were being very lenient with Bulgaria, which, after all, had been a Nazi satellite. The Russians had not even asked for one *lev*'s worth of reparations. True, it was Russia that had declared war and invaded Bulgaria. Nevertheless, the Soviets could have demanded reparations because they were in a position to collect it, weren't they? But instead they just kept an Army of Occupation in Bulgaria and made a lot of friendly trade treaties. And they also protected the Bulgarian people's masses from falling into the clutches of the Western capitalists. This was arranged by keeping Bulgaria's trade relations strictly inside the family of neighboring "people's democracies"; if there were any unavoidable deals with the outside, Mother Russia made them. So, for instance, the Bulgarians sold Russia all their attar of roses. The price of the perfume base to the Soviet allies was \$385 a kilogram. Then the Soviets sold it for \$1,500 per kilogram to the grasping Americans.

Peter could appreciate that Bulgaria's economy was being planned very carefully. Protection from the East spared Bulgaria the trouble of obtaining dollars and pounds with which to buy Anglo-American machinery and raw materials for making things the Bulgarians needed. At the same time the Russians bought or took most of the things

the Bulgarians managed to make for themselves. So, although Peter's wages were now several times better than pre-war, he found few goods to buy with his money, and those at a very high price. He calculated he had to work two hours to earn the price of an egg, a week for two pounds of butter, two weeks for a pair of shoes and ten weeks for a suit of clothes.

One day the government struck a mighty blow against the inflation. Prices were high, the economic doctors reasoned, because people had too much spare money with which to bid against each other for scarce goods. Accordingly, the government called in all the money. Every citizen had to surrender his cash within a week. In exchange he would get 2,000 *leva* in new currency. This was worth about four dollars.

The morning the decree was published, Peter rushed to his bank to draw out his cash and spend it. The bank was surrounded by a detachment of militia. A big sign on the gate said all deposits were frozen as of that morning.

Next day Peter heard a fellow-worker explaining that the government's decree had been a triumph for economic democracy. Hadn't the currency conversion liquidated all the cash assets of the rich? At this Peter raised his bowed head and said in a voice whose loudness surprised him: "But the rich still have their property and their foreign investments; we workers have lost the only wealth we had—our savings."

"Bogdanov," said the other sternly, "you are a counter-revolutionary."

At which everybody hurried to get away from Peter's vicinity.

That evening Peter received a letter from the union saying that his services would no longer be required. At four o'clock the next morning, his bell rang. Under the law prescribing compulsory

labor for all persons not engaged in "constructive employment," two policemen beat him up in his flat and then led him away to work on a road gang.

Peter built dams, repaired railways and salvaged bridges. In Sofia the people's regime hailed these achievements as proof of the Bulgarian people's devotion to the new democracy. Peter wondered about this, because the work was being done mostly by intellectuals, bourgeois and miscellaneous young men who had been "mobilized" into the labor battalions for criticizing the government or being unable to find work. The program entailed hard labor for twelve hours each day, interrupted by two thin meals. After Peter had lost 28 pounds, he was unable to lift the hammer any more. For this sabotage of the national effort, he was transferred to a concentration camp at Dupnitsa.

Dupnitsa was officially known as a "democratic re-education and labor center." Most of its classes took place in the wild Struma River gorge, where some 3,000 students were laboring on a rock-pile for a new railway roadbed. The rest of the academy's instruction was administered inside a barbed-wire stockade. Inmates were required, at stated intervals throughout the day or whenever a member of the faculty passed, to chant such slogans as: "I am a contemptible Fascist"; "I have betrayed the people's democracy"; "Death to reaction—long live the New Bulgaria."

After some weeks Peter became slightly mad. Not dangerously, but enough to make him rush about the camp shouting mixed-up slogans, such as "Death to the New Bulgaria—long live freedom!"

He was immediately appointed to post-graduate studies. These took place in a lecture-hall previously used by the pro-Nazi police of the old monarchy.

Here Peter was exposed to a new technique of pedagogy called "the telephone conversation with Churchill," during which he held an electrified receiver in each hand for fifteen minutes. He also took "the trip to New York," a stationary voyage made in a tub of cold water wherein the traveler squatted for three days. Halfway through the first day of this journey, Peter lost consciousness. When he came to, he was driving his peasant cart along the shore of Lake Balaton in Hungary. . . .

ALL HIS LIFE Peter Bogdany had toiled on the vast estate of Count Baratsk because his own four ancestral acres were not quite enough. The count was now a prisoner of war in the Crimea—and the wonderful land reform by the people's regime in Budapest had carved up his lands for parceling out to the peasantry. Peter had just learned that his share would be another four acres. *Down with feudalism!* Peter whistled merrily as he jogged homeward.

He stopped whistling when his wife met him at the door of their cottage. She had a big, new bump on the top of her head. A Russian soldier, she said, had loaded the Bogdany hog into a wagon, hitched up the Bogdany bullock, and driven away. When she had tried to interfere, he had hit her.

Peter's first thought was astonishment that a Red Army man could have behaved so badly. Were not the Russians the liberators of Hungary, the enemies of the feudal rich and the friends of the poor? But as the weeks went by, Peter's sense of loss became less philosophical and more practical. It had been his last bullock. He used to own three. One had been erased by an American bomb; the second had been kidnapped by the Germans when they retreated. Peter now depended on one venerable

horse to pull his plow across twice as many acres as before.

Over an occasional glass of *siller* wine, Peter learned that other villagers were having their troubles, too. Neighbor Toth, who hadn't owned any land before, complained that his portion was too small to keep one family alive. Neighbor Lukacs wondered what good his land would do him unless he found seed somewhere to sow it with. Neighbor Kovacs said he had nine acres but no tools.

Peter was only a peasant, no great scholar, and he had never heard of economics. But in the long days, as he whipped his horse over the acres or hitched himself, his wife and his two boys to the plow when his horse gave up, he had plenty of time to think. I know I owe my land to the new democracy, and surely that is a fine thing, he brooded. That Communist fellow who came down from Budapest when the land was given away, he made a big speech. He said we should remember it when the time comes for elections. But shouldn't he have made sure I had my bullock, and Neighbor Lukacs his seed, and Neighbor Kovacs his tools? Shouldn't he have been less hasty to get the credit for dividing up the count's property and more anxious to help us work the land? Am I a happier man because of these additional acres which I am slaving to till without help from anyone? Did Budapest divide up the land to help the peasants, or only to get the peasants' votes?

One afternoon Peter received a notice from the local *Kommendatura*. For the feeding of the local Soviet garrison, it said, Peter must deliver at harvest-time nine kilograms of wheat, four of rye, two of beans and nineteen of corn—for each plowed area. If Peter had any unseeded acres, the document contin-

ued, he must provide the Russian Army with three kilos of wheat for each.

Peter cast his wild eyes over his land, over the great barren stretches where he had never found time or strength to turn the earth over, and the feeble, half-stunted stalks rising from the rest. A growl grew in his throat as he hitched up the cart. He lashed his horse to the county seat. He burst through the door of the notary's office and seized the chairman of the land committee by the collar. "Where is my bullock?" he roared. "Make them give me back my bullock." He forced the man to his knees. "They are thieves," he screamed, "robbers—and you, you swindler—"

Then three pairs of strong arms gripped Peter around his shoulders, legs and middle, dragged him to the exit, and threw him out on the dusty road.

Early next morning the committee chairman, who was also secretary of the local Communist cell, appeared outside Peter's cottage with four members of the Political Police. These summoned Peter to the door. The chairman unrolled an official-looking yellow paper. "Because of counter-revolutionary provocation," he intoned, "because of conduct and declarations revealing him as an enemy of the people, Peter Bogdanich is hereby ordered into custody for questioning and trial, his land to be meanwhile sequestered under the surveillance of Comrade" At this point Peter lunged forward, his hands reaching for the other's throat. A club crashed down, and the sun blinked out. . . .

ORDINARILY, Peter Bogdanich should have been very pleased to find himself in Belgrade. Yugoslavia was the place where one could really enjoy the benefits of the new democracy. Ru-

mania, Bulgaria, Hungary—they had all been Nazi allies, and the victorious Western capitalist-imperialists could still make trouble and interfere with the sovereignty of the people's regime. But Yugoslavia was different. She had been Russia's ally in the war. She was independent now. No chance for the Anglo-American reactionaries to intrigue here. No need to make compromises with domestic Fascists. Everybody was united in the People's Front, working for Marshal Tito to advance the broad democratic people's masses.

For some shadowy reason—he seemed to remember the outline of vaguely unpleasant adventures but couldn't recapture their substance—Peter nevertheless felt dull and discontented.

He sat down to table with the day's copy of *Borba*. All of page one was another speech by the Minister of Industry, announcing that textiles for workers' clothing would have to be reduced by another 30 per cent because the army needed the material for uniforms. Mixing up his metaphors, the Minister expressed his confidence that "our heroic working masses will rally to the Fatherland's need and pull in their belts."

"That last part about the belts is right, anyway," muttered Peter, spearing the last dried bean from his plate.

"Now, Peter," said his wife reproachfully, "is it my fault if your ration card allows only 1,600 calories for light workers? And the non-rationed food is too expensive. What can I do with your 4,000 dinars a month?"

"Well, it's twice what I earned before the war, isn't it?" Peter grumbled.

"But what about prices?" retorted his wife. "Look at my shoes. For fifteen months I wait until finally you get a shoe coupon from your union. Then I look another month for the leather. Nine hundred dinars they want. A

whole week's wages. Instead of grumbling, you should go get a raise."

The next week Peter got several bad marks in his *karakteristika*, the secret record of political reliability which the People's Authority kept on file for each *drug* and *drugaritsa* (male and female Comrade) in the new Yugoslavia.

The first time was on Monday, when he collected enough nerve to ask his department chief at the brewery for a raise. The man looked as amazed as if Peter had suddenly sprouted a tail. "Raise?" the chief inquired. "Don't you know that every worker's pay is fixed by law, according to his job?"

"Yes," said Peter, "but how about a promotion?"

The chief flicked the pages of his personnel records. "Comrade Bogdanich," he said, "you've only been in your job category for 17 months. The law for the economic protection of the workers' masses says that a man in this category of the beer industry must stay in it five years before he moves up to the next bracket. Three years and seven months from now, you'll get your raise. Four hundred dinars. It's automatic."

"But isn't there anything in the law about extra pay if I do good work?" asked Peter.

"For good workers, the Federated People's Republic of Yugoslavia awards citations and medals," said the chief sonorously.

"My family can't eat medals," said Peter, slamming the door.

Monday night, Peter worked until ten o'clock. Voluntary overtime, this was called a patriotic duty, since the brewery was a nationalized one.

Tuesday was easier. All Peter had to do was work at top speed for the regular nine hours, to fill the quota set by the shop committee and keep his rating as a shock-worker. Wednesday came

another call for voluntary overtime. Notice was also posted that henceforth the men would be due for volunteer labor one Sunday per month.

"Let's complain to the union," Peter proposed as he squatted with his co-workers around their vat during the lunch period.

Everyone gazed at him in wonderment. "The union gets its instructions from the Commissariat for the Five-Year Plan," said *Drug* Simitch, patiently. He was the delegate of Peter's section to the shop committee.

"Then what's the good of having a union?" Peter burst out. Maybe if his back hadn't ached, he wouldn't have been so petulant. "If it's a real union, it should do something for us for a change. And if not, let's strike!"

The ugly word quivered a long time in the silence. Finally Comrade Simitch, the delegate, stood up. "Strike?" he said. "Strike?" he shouted. "How can you strike against the Workers' State? How can you strike against yourself?" He gave Peter a terrible look before walking away.

Thursday night, instead of voluntary overtime, Peter had to go to the regular weekly shop meeting for Marxist orientation and proletariat enlightenment.

First, there were elections for delegates to the federal anti-Fascist labor congress. The chairman of the meeting seemed to be having trouble with his eyelids. He couldn't raise them enough to see beyond the first row. Nominations were made, seconded and closed, discussion was concluded and the slate unanimously adopted before Peter or anyone else behind the front row could put a word in. Then a union spokesman from brotherly Albania lectured for 90 minutes on events in monarcho-fascist Greece. Finally a motion was

made from the front row that the brewery workers donate 20 per cent of next month's pay for relief of Slavic refugees from Greek terrorism in Aegean Macedonia.

Peter could never have told you what caused it. Maybe it was the tone of the brother from Albania, who seemed to be recommending a war between Yugoslavia and Greece. Maybe it was the chilling thought of what a 20 per cent assessment would do to the Bogdanitch food budget. Anyway, when the chairman, after obtaining a few scattered grunts of approval, asked perfunctorily for those opposed, Peter suddenly heard himself shouting, "Me!"

In the dead silence which followed, everybody craned his neck to look at the lunatic. Then the chairman, glaring down awfully at Peter, said: "Motion carried unanimously, with one dissenting vote. Meeting adjourned."

Before morning Peter was in jail. Then OZNA—the Partisans' secret police, whose initials stand for "Department for the Protection of the People"—searched his flat. The agents hoped at best to find something to justify the five years at hard labor which Peter's offenses seemed to require. Instead they unearthed several volumes of diary containing all sorts of criticisms of the regime—and written in English. Peter admitted they were his. The only explanation he could give was that somehow he had recently found himself able to write in English, for no apparent reason. This changed the whole nature of the case, and Peter's indictment was rewritten to include espionage and treason.

Visited in his cell by the Public Prosecutor, Peter was persuaded that if he cooperated in the dock he would get off lightly. At the trial, Peter sat with his fellow-conspirators: an 85-year-

old ex-government official who had retired from Serb politics in 1929, and a farmer from Nish who had originally been arrested for concealing potatoes. The old official testified that he had transmitted to Peter false information about the Five-Year Plan calculated to damage the prestige of the people's regime, and the peasant admitted that he had done the same concerning military matters. In turn, Peter confessed to being head of a spy-chain and sending weekly intelligence reports to a master-sergeant in the office of the Military Attaché at the United States Embassy. The trial lasted six days, during which 37 witnesses testified. The newspapers published the full text, and the entire proceedings were also broadcast over Radio Belgrade. On the evening of the sixth day, a five-man panel of judges condemned the three traitors to death.

At dawn, Peter was ordered out of his cell for transportation to the internment camp at Bor, where he was to work at forced labor in the copper mines under an assumed name for a year, as promised. Peter went down a winding flight of steps in the rear of the jail, an OZNA man behind him. On the bottom landing, however, the OZNA man whipped out a revolver and blew off the back of Peter's head. . . .

THE NOISE of the gun brought Peter Bogdan upright in bed. He was in a great sweat, no doubt because he had forgotten to open the windows. Now what was that he'd been dreaming about? Peter wondered. Something disagreeable, but for the life of him he couldn't remember. Well, it was almost morning, anyway. He switched on the light, propped up his pillows, and settled back comfortably with the latest copy of the *New Republic*.

News from the Capital:

THE WASHINGTON REPORTER

By O. J. DEKOM

SPOTLIGHT ON SLAV FRONTS

JOVIAL Representative John McDowell, Pennsylvania Republican, is planning a series of investigations into Communist activities that might well turn out to be one of the most significant revelations in this field. McDowell heads a special subcommittee of the House Committee on Un-American Activities which is empowered to make a study of Communist infiltration into Slav groups in the United States.

Greatest obstacle in the way of a really comprehensive investigation is the fact that many members of Congress, as well as the public generally, do not realize the dangers of our Slav fifth column. The 10,000,000 Slavs in this country are located to a large extent in the industrial heart of America. The Communists have concentrated much of their effort in capturing Slav organizations and setting up Slav fronts of their own.

The recent revelations in Chile, where the entire mining industry was tied up through the activities of Yugoslav Communists with the help of Tito's diplomatic staff, proved clearly that the Slav network is intent upon sabotaging industrial production and undermining defenses throughout this hemisphere.

Some phases of the problem that the McDowell subcommittee is likely to consider are:

1. The activities of the busy diplomatic staffs of the Soviet satellite countries, and their contacts with Red-front groups and leaders.
2. The source of funds spent by Slavic

Communists and their fronts in organizing and "entertaining" prospective recruits.

3. Subsidization of the Slavic Communist press, sources of editorial material, and the techniques of attacking the United States.

4. Travel of Slavic Communists back to their homelands for instruction and training; their return to the United States without difficulty.

5. Espionage activities in unions within the "Slavic belt" of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan; stimulation of strikes and sabotage in vital industries.

6. Possible dangers involved in the control of part of the fishing industry in strategic military areas by persons openly allied with the Tito espionage apparatus.

7. Activities of officials of the U.S. Government and of at least four members of Congress on behalf of the Slavic fifth column. (Suggested beginning: Rep. George Sadowski of Michigan.)

8. Connection of the American Slav Congress with the Comintern.

FASCISM IN ACTION

BIGGEST JOKE in Washington is the last-minute attempt of the Communist Party to stop publication of *Fascism in Action*, Congressional counterpart of *Communism in Action*.

For months the party and its satellites have been beating the propaganda drums to bring about publication of the fascism booklet. Long before the Library of Congress Legislative Refer-

ence Service had even completed the manuscript, the smear brigade was busy insinuating that there was a deliberate hold-up by "Fascist-minded" members of Congress. As the manuscript progressed; passages from it began appearing in George Seldes' slander sheet *In Fact* and other faithful periodicals.

The reason for such unbounded enthusiasm was the fact that a large part of the booklet had been written by party liners, who followed implicitly the latest policy dictates from Moscow.

Alert members of the House of Representatives spotted the pro-Communist clique and had it ripped out. To complete the job, they prepared a tabulation showing the glaring similarities between Hitlerite fascism and the Stalinist variety.

When wind of the changes reached Union Square, the party sent out frantic orders for a letter-writing campaign to prevent issuance of the revised text and to demand clearance for the original version. Of course, nobody paid any attention to them.

STRANGE ALLIANCE

Now that Hollywood has departed from Washington, one disturbing fact stands out from the hearings of the Un-American Activities Committee: The most faithful fellow-travelers are the self-same capitalists that the Communist Party is working to liquidate!

Without the moral, legal and financial support of the motion picture industry—big business in every sense of the word—the Hollywood Communist clique could not have grown so powerful. And when some misguided citizen tries to dissuade such capitalists from entering an open alliance with those who could destroy them, he gets assailed by both sides.

An example was offered when Eric Johnston, head of the Motion Picture Association, and his counsel, Paul V. McNutt, former War Manpower administrator, tried to whitewash the bright red splotches all over Hollywood, denying that even one little pink line of propaganda ever got into the films. Johnston would have done a greater service to the industry if he had admitted the simple fact that the Communists had infiltrated Hollywood and if he had promised to clean them out. Of course, there is a perfectly reasonable explanation why he didn't. In a falling export market, the film industry has been hearing some well-chosen hints from behind the iron curtain that the import of American movies would be made easier . . . IF. Behind those hints was the threat that a full-blown ban would be clamped on all U.S. flickers unless the industry played ball. But you can't do business with Stalin, either, Mr. Johnston.

Paul McNutt has played patty-cake with the Communist Party for some time. He has been a speaker for both the Communist-controlled National Lawyers Guild and the American Slav Congress. His staff at the War Manpower Commission was more than sprinkled with fellow-travelers. When he went to the Philippines he took as his aide Benjamin Appel, whose pro-Communist novels have received the adulation of the *Daily Worker*, and who has been affiliated with a number of fronts.

TO FILM LAMPELL BOOK

U. S. PRODUCTIONS, a subsidiary of Warner Brothers motion picture firm, has just announced the purchase of *Long Way Home* by Millard Lampell, busy collaborator with the CP.

This despite the abhorrence of communism expressed by Vice-President Jack Warner at the Washington hearings.

Lampell has been publicly associated with about two dozen Communist fronts, including the Win-the-Peace Conference, Civil Rights Congress, People's Songs, Inc., and People's Radio Foundation, and has contributed to the party organs, *Mainstream* and *New Masses*. He once wrote to the latter: "I read the first issue of the *New Masses* with something of the same kind of pride and dignity I felt when my kid was born."

REVOLT AT THE BOX-OFFICE

REPORTS INDICATE that movie houses showing pictures starring pro-Communist actors are feeling a drop in attendance. On the other hand, *Ninotchka*, eight-year-old film ridiculing the Soviet system, was playing to good houses in Washington.

In Philadelphia, the Progressive Citizens of America tried to stage a public demonstration for Lawson, Maltz, Trumbo and other Hollywood party-liners cited for contempt. Only 2,000 people turned out in Independence Square, and many didn't come to cheer. It was the coldest reception a Red front has received in some time. Using tried-and-true party tactics, members of the audience were even able to employ the public address system for anti-Communist plugs.

It's getting so a man can't hold a party card without being called a Communist!

In Hollywood, there is a growing conviction that industry resistance to a Red purge was just plain bad publicity. Well-founded information has it in Washington that some industry representatives are in the Capital and are apparently eating crow.

BARKLEY AIDS CP FRONT

SENATE Minority Leader Alben W. Barkley, one-time work-horse of the New Deal, was speaker on November 11 at a New York dinner sponsored by the American Birobidjan Committee (Ambijan). This notorious Red front purports to be active in "rehabilitation and construction of the lives of the evacuees and refugee Jews" in the Birobidjan Jewish Autonomous Region of the U.S.S.R.

Among the claims made by Ambijan is this one: "Birobidjan enjoys full self-government in all local affairs, including courts, local taxation, economic planning and all cultural activities." Such claims are recognized by all responsible Jewish leaders as a tragic hoax. Birobidjan was set up as a propaganda vehicle for the Politburo's use among world Jewry, to show Soviet magnanimity. Conditions there are even worse than in the rest of Soviet Russia. Moreover, the Jewish settlers have not forgotten the liquidation of the pioneer promoters of the Birobidjan colony.

Is Senator Barkley rehearsing for the role long played by his colleague, the once-ubiquitous Claude Pepper?

CROATIAN UNION CAPTURED

THE State Insurance Commission of Pennsylvania is making a quiet investigation of the Croatian Fraternal Union, mutual-aid insurance society, that may result in official action against its pro-Tito leaders. The Communist wing scored a complete victory at the union's national convention (for background, see PLAIN TALK for September). Conditions got so bad that the anti-Communist minority walked out of the convention in a body. The Yugoslav Embassy took an active hand in directing the Red assault on the union.

GABRIEL WAS HERE

By GLEB BOTKIN

(Illustration by the Author)

KILROY WAS HERE. Yes, to be sure. But how about Gabriel?

Gabriel, unlike Kilroy, never had to leave a written message about his visit. Even if you happened to be too far to hear Gabriel, you realized that he had been in a certain spot, the moment you reached it yourself.

To give but one example, the writer once arrived at a small railroad station in Siberia and noticed with astonishment that the whole façade of the station house was gone—neatly cut off, as if with one stroke of a giant knife. Asked to explain the strange phenomenon, the station master only shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Gabriel was here, you know."

"Ah, I understand," the writer said. "But what did he spin this time?"

For, it must be explained, Gabriel's chief occupation was to make things spin. Whenever some object attracted the attention of a few men of the Red Army, somebody would say, "Give it a spin, Gabriel"; and Gabriel immediately obliged—often enough, to vanish then and there in a cloud of glory as, for instance, when the object he had spun turned out to be a bomb or a mine or a barrel of TNT. But in the case of the Siberian railroad station it was only a locomotive.

"There was an engine under steam, standing on the sidetrack," the station master explained. "When a crowd of comrades came here, they jumped on it, yelling, 'Give it a spin, Gabriel!' Gabriel did, and spun it off the track and right into the station. Oh, well,

something is still left of the station, but nothing much was left of Gabriel."

But Gabriel is truly indestructible. For every Gabriel who blows himself up with a mine, crushes himself with a locomotive, flies away in a plane, never to be seen or heard of again, or otherwise spins himself out of existence, half a dozen new Gabriels arise; and the way things are shaping up, we may yet witness a truly epoch-making encounter. It seems sadly possible that Gabriel and Kilroy will meet at long last; meet, moreover, with chips on their shoulders and, alas, highly explosive chips. For Kilroy already has, and Gabriel is only too likely to have soon, an atomic bomb.

If we believe Mr. Molotov, Gabriel has the A-bomb now. If we do not believe him, we can—or, rather, must—expect Gabriel to obtain it.

ACCORDING to legend, two hundred odd years ago the silversmiths of Holland presented Peter the Great with a life-size flea made of silver, which could be wound up with a key and made to hop exactly like a real flea. Peter called for his own silversmiths and told them:

"Here's the kind of marvel foreign silversmiths can produce. Look at it, you lazy, sloppy good-for-nothings, and hang in shame your wooden Russian heads. Not in a thousand years' trial could you, stupid fools besotted with vodka, produce any such wonder."

But the silversmiths did not hang their heads in shame. Instead, they declared that, were the Czar to give them

his Dutch flea, they would produce an exact copy of it. Peter laughed scornfully. Even so, he let them have his precious flea, but with the warning that, were they to break it, he would have their heads chopped off.

The silversmiths returned a week later. They appeared crestfallen. The Czar was right, they declared. Stupid Russians that they were, they could not produce a replica of the Dutch flea and so had brought it back. Peter treated them to another harangue on Russian stupidity, then took his flea, wound it up and discovered that it would no longer hop. Terrible was his anger. He was just about to order the decapitation of the silversmiths when the latter burst into gales of laughter. Nothing was the matter with the flea, they assured the Czar, except that they had put silver horseshoes on all its feet and the added weight prevented it from hopping. But the horseshoes were detachable. They took them off, and the flea began to hop as of yore.

To this day, whenever a Russian proves himself capable of equaling, or even bettering, the performance of a rival, he is congratulated on having put horseshoes on a flea.

Hence, there is very little doubt that the Russians will construct an atomic bomb. That it will be a bigger and better bomb than our own, is less certain. After all, the putting of horseshoes on a flea, however tricky a feat, is still not as tricky as the construction of the flea

itself. But the chances are that the Russian bomb will possess some special feature of its own and, no doubt, one with propaganda value. Perhaps it will explode to the tune of the *Internationale*. Perhaps it will overcast the sky with a giant likeness of the esteemed Djugashvili, alias Stalin. Anyway, it will be a notable achievement and delight the Russians. But will it, as so many fear, reduce the United States to a heap of rubble?

Perhaps. Nothing seems impossible in this dizzy age of ours. But such a catastrophic event seems none too probable. Remember Gabriel.

To be sure, it is not Gabriel who is constructing the bomb. A man of heroic mold, Gabriel is not likely to be spend-



"Give it a spin, Gabriel!"

ing his time in laboratories even for the pleasure of putting Bolshevik horse-shoes on the flea of American capitalism. But it will be a different story when the bomb is to be put to use. For that task, the "inky souls" who will have constructed the bomb will be even less prepared than Gabriel himself is for any "inky" work. Indeed, nobody will be prepared for it but precisely Gabriel. Even if he is not around, they will go in search of him. As the shiny new bomb will lie in state on a cushion of red velvet embroidered with gold hammers, sickles and five-pointed stars, the whole expanse of Mother Russia will echo with the call:

"Give it a spin, Gabriel!" And he will. What will happen thereafter is anybody's guess. Perhaps the bomb will explode in South Africa; perhaps on the North Pole. Almost certainly, it will not explode anywhere near the United States. Chances are that Gabriel himself will no longer be there to survey his handiwork. But the survivors will scratch their heads and say:

"Ech, Gabriel missed it again. Still, it was wonderful, the way he spun it right into the Kremlin. Why, you'd never know that Moscow was here only yesterday. But Gabriel was here, all right. What a man, that Gabriel—a real patriot, may his soul rest in peace!"

L'Affaire Picasso

By EUGENE TILLINGER

(Sent to PLAIN TALK from Paris)

THE INSIDE STORY of how the great Picasso, a member of the French Communist Party, has recently been furiously attacked by *Pravda* and branded as a "demoralizing influence" and as "undesirable" for Soviet art, has been the talk of Paris.

A few months ago, an exhibition took place in Vienna showing the works of modern French painters, among them Picasso. It was a special exhibition of expressionist paintings, including the paintings of Picasso's pupils. A high-ranking Red Army general was taken to the exhibition. To please him, one of the sponsors proudly remarked that Picasso, too, was a Communist.

The Red Army general, who made no secret of the fact that he deeply disliked the art of Picasso, stopped suddenly and said:

"If that man lived in Soviet Russia,

we would take away his food and textile ration cards."

This happened in July. A few weeks later, on August 11, *Pravda* published an extremely violent attack on Picasso, completely overlooking the fact that the French Communists, only three years ago, had celebrated his entrance into their party as an almost world-shaking event. It was on November 14, 1944, just after the liberation of France, that Picasso, with honors due to his importance, was welcomed with open arms into the French Communist Party. Its two big bosses, Marcel Cachin and Jacques Duclos, personally greeted Picasso. The party paper, *L'Humanité*, announced the event in a five-column headline over the entire front page. Marcel Cachin, in a special editorial, declared: "A great artist is always a great man and his passion for justice

has brought him to our party, and we are very proud of his gesture." And Picasso himself observed pathetically that "he had finally found his real fatherland."

When Picasso afterward exhibited his latest paintings, there were certain sharp criticisms of his work. Whereupon the French Communist Party launched a fervent campaign in defense of its new member. Not only in Paris, but all over France, the Communists and their fellow-travelers started to glorify Picasso, stressing the fact that the great master had now become the party's official painter. Editorials and lectures were devoted to this subject. "Fascist reactionaries" were held responsible for the trouble, and such "ignoramus" as refused to understand that "Picasso simply was continuing the work of Karl Marx." Today, notwithstanding these glamorizing efforts of the French Communists, Picasso is called in Moscow a "counter-revolutionary" and his art is denounced as "reactionary."

Wrote *Pravda*: "The contemporaneous bourgeois art has broken its ties with the people; it serves the greedy interests of the bourgeoisie and its degenerate and perverse tastes. . . . The epigones of the formalist and corrupted bourgeois art of the West continue to infect with their poison the pure air of Soviet art; they try to use their influence on our artistic youth. It is absolutely inadmissible that on the side of realistic Socialist art there can exist currents in our midst represented by degenerate bourgeois art, currents which consider as their spiritual masters the French formalists, Picasso and Matisse. . . .

These 'painters' present their formalist grimaces which for an art innovator of the Left have nothing in common with authentic art."

THIS sudden liquidation of Picasso has left the French Communist Party so speechless that *L'Humanité* has not even printed a line about Moscow's rebuttal of the "official painter of the party."

Picasso himself, evidently embarrassed, refuses any comment and says: "I am an artist."

This Picasso affair had its aftermath, leading to the exposure of a falsification by the Communist poet, Louis Aragon, editor of the Paris Red evening paper, *Ce Soir*. On his return from a trip to Russia, Aragon tried to minimize Picasso's excommunication. He cited the fact that Ilya Ehrenburg, in a recent article in the Moscow *Literary Gazette*, had written inoffensively about Picasso. *Les Lettres Françaises*, the French Communist literary weekly, thereupon reprinted the full text of Ehrenburg's article.

But when that issue of the Moscow *Literary Gazette* arrived in Paris, it was found to contain under Ehrenburg's article a significant note omitted by Aragon and the French weekly. The Moscow master-editor had this public rebuke for his star-fulminator: "The editor considers it unjust that Comrade Ehrenburg has passed over in silence the question of the decadent formalism which asserts itself in the works of Picasso and Matisse."

The Red Army general's artistic judgment was vindicated.

If you have already sent us your subscription renewal, please disregard any reminders you may receive. Crossed mail is sometimes unavoidable.

RELIEF FOR EUROPE

WHY NOT an American Relief Administration to distribute through American personnel, in packages bearing U.S. labels, the supplies needed to alleviate the acute distress in Europe?

After the first World War we had such an organization, the A.R.A., under the direction of Herbert Hoover, which operated in a number of countries, including Soviet Russia. The Congress had appropriated funds in 1921 for the relief of the great famine there. Far from objecting to American field workers' administering relief directly in the stricken areas, the Soviet Government, upon the completion of the A.R.A. mission, presented to Mr. Hoover an official testimonial expressing gratitude for his humanitarian services.

The present European Recovery Program (ERP)—the new name for the Marshall Plan—is in reality a crude amalgam of two elements which do not mix successfully, relief and business, or philanthropy and foreign trade.

Everybody is in favor of sending supplies to Europe to prevent famine and chaos, as Senator Taft has pointed out. But, of the twenty-odd billion dollars the United States is asked to expend under the Marshall Plan, only one-eighth, not more than two and a half billions, is to go for food, fuel and fertilizer to relieve starvation and distress.

The substantial differences of opinion in this country about the ERP, which threaten the bogging down of the entire plan, are concerned with the remaining seventeen and a half billions for the export of reconstruction materials and machinery. It is also generally conceded that the menace of runaway inflation, which caused President

Truman to attach highly controversial economic proposals, such as price controls, to the Marshall Plan, would not arise through the expenditure of the two and a half billions for relief purposes.

The objection to the creation of an American Relief Administration is that the Marshall Plan calls for our aid to be rendered through the several governments of the stricken countries, governments which in varying degrees control their national economies and, therefore, cannot permit the distribution of American goods direct to the consumers. Yet this very condition may become the main factor in the undoing of the whole Marshall Plan.

In the existing emergency, while political instability prevails in Europe and the Soviet propaganda campaign against the United States continues unabated, the creation of an American Relief Administration, staffed by American workers, should meet with the wholehearted approval of the American people. It would make the European masses aware of the unselfishness of our contribution. It would obviate the need for the pending stopgap aid bill and assure the suffering populations of a long-range program of help.

By divorcing relief from reconstruction, and by taking the first step—feeding the hungry and sheltering the homeless—first, we would destroy the Communist slander that the ERP is a "Wall Street conspiracy" to seize foreign markets. And this procedure would lay a healthy foundation for reconstruction aid when that primary prerequisite, political security based on a durable framework of peace, has been attained in western Europe.

So Runs the World

WHAT PRICE YALTA?

IF THE following letter were to be made public by the American delegation in the U.N., the pressure to send an international food mission to Soviet-occupied North Korea would probably become irresistible in this country. For ours is the prime responsibility for what happened at Yalta when Roosevelt and Stalin arbitrarily cut Korea in twain, severing the agricultural south from the industrial north which has been condemned to inhuman agony. Unbelievable as this letter, which has reached us via the American zone of Korea, may seem, we can assure our readers of its absolute authenticity.

14 October, 1947.

To my dear friend, S—:

What should I write? When I pick up this pen, the news I wanted to write fades out of my memory and leaves me nothing to write. It sounds funny and foolish just to say that I am still alive....

I should have been ceased to exist long ago. Perhaps such "unneeded" extended living has caused the hardship which Korea has to bear.

There are a great number of people dying of starvation. Children are sold in open market by their weight. Boys' meats are 600 won per pound, and girls' are 650 won per pound. If they find good customers, they make 700 won per pound. A pound of pork is 1,200 won, and a pound of beef is 1,000 won. Korean boys' meat is 600 to 700 won. It seems men are inferior to beasts when they are taken for food.

It is really a sad affair.

Anyhow we are still alive. We have no place to go, and there is nobody who asks us to come. This condition makes us feel rather safe, and we continue to live the same as before. It is not so bad to observe the steps of the changing world. We have no hope and no desire. Furthermore, we have no grudging against anyone. We pray for all the peoples of the world that they will live well and do as they please....

It is reported that Korea might become an independent nation. The news is just too good to be true....

There must be plenty of apples in S— by this time. Do you see often Mr. K—? He is quite a character. I remember him well, because he is full of humors....

What happen to those cows in O—? Who own them now? It is really wonderful to have potatoes in milk. I love those cows. Honest, I love them more than Korean people. The reason is that they give me milk at least.

B—.

HITLER'S PARTNER

RUSSIA's shipments to Germany during the 1939-41 period of the Stalin-Hitler pact skyrocketed to 14 times their prewar value, according to official secret records uncovered by *World Report*, Washington newsmagazine. Soviet oil exports to Germany rose from 5,000 metric tons in 1939 to more than 700,000 tons in 1940, during the blitz over England. In 1938 Germany imported no grain from Russia. In 1940, Stalin delivered to Hitler nearly 811,000 metric tons and in the first six months of 1941, over 713,000 tons. Equally potent were the Soviet deliveries to the Reich of cotton, manganese, chromites, timber, phosphates and other sinews of war.

I.D.L.

FINLAND IN THE RED SHADOW

By AAGE HEINBERG

Aage Heinberg, a Danish journalist, visited Finland last summer as a correspondent for Danish, Swedish and Norwegian newspapers.

WHAT I SAW on a recent visit to Finland reminded me of my own country, Denmark, when it was a "model protectorate" of the Nazis.

"Do the Russians interfere in Finnish life today?" I put this question to one of Finland's best known politicians, an old friend of mine.

He answered: "No, the Russians do not interfere, as you can see. Their behavior is exemplary, and our cooperation with them goes on without any friction."

A little astonished, I tried to catch my friend's eye. "Look here, old man," I said, "do you remember that during the war—in the first year after the Nazis had occupied Denmark—a Swedish journalist came to Copenhagen and interviewed the Danish premier, Mr. Th. Stauning, the Socialist leader? He asked Stauning the same question about the Germans that I am asking you now about the Russians. Stauning answered just as you have answered me. And everyone knew that it was a blasted lie; the Nazis interfered in everything, though never officially."

My friend looked at me, but said nothing. And I understood.

THE RUSSIANS would like to show Finland to the world as a "model protectorate," for the time being, at least. For Moscow wants to have a bridge, though ever so small, leading from Finland to the other Scandinavian countries, and from these small democracies to the bigger ones. Finland is not

behind the iron curtain—yet. But she is just outside it. To get real news of what is going on is difficult—even for a correspondent on the spot. All one hears in Finland today is whispering—rumors are constantly floating about, *sub rosa*. But the Finns do whisper, while the people behind the iron curtain are silent.

All over Finland I saw placards with the slogan "SISU." The word is difficult to translate—perhaps "stick to it" comes closest. It is a plea to the Finns to stick to their jobs and keep up their courage. They certainly need SISU to carry on under their heavy burdens today. The three chief burdens are: reparations payments to Russia, the rebuilding of northern Finland, and the absorption of the Finns who left Karelia when the Russians took it over.

Described by President Roosevelt as a nation "that seeks only to live in peace as a democracy," Finland has twice in a half-dozen years been the victim of unprovoked Soviet aggression. It is a bitter historical jest that the Finns, in reward for the heroic defense of their homeland, have been delivered to the country which should be paying reparations to them.

Forgotten today, despite revealing evidence introduced at the Nuremberg trial, is the fact that Finland was a pawn in the cynical division of eastern Europe over which Molotov and Ribbentrop officiated. Along with the Baltic states, Finland was "ceded" to Russia in one of the secret clauses of

the Hitler-Stalin pact. But Finland chose to cling to her independence. The result was the Russo-Finnish War of 1939-40, resumed in 1941 on Soviet initiative after a short peace.

Through the Paris peace treaty of last February, Finland lost 12 per cent of her territory, containing rich lumber and fishing areas and the hydroelectric resources of northern Karelia. About 100,000 Finns lived in these lands. Rather than come under Soviet rule, every one of them preferred to migrate from their homesteads to what is left of Finland, where they must be relocated, fed and rehabilitated. Most of them have to be placed in Lappmark, the northern part of Finland which was devastated by the retreating German troops. The problem is complicated by the fact that the residents of Lappmark fled to Sweden or to southern Finland during the war and must be returned home and rehabilitated along with the former Karelians. Almost every town and city in Lappmark was burned down by the Germans; to get this territory cultivated and rebuilt is a huge task.

Reparations payments to the U.S.S.R. sanctioned by the Paris treaty are a crushing weight on Finnish economy. Nominally, Finland's war indemnity to Russia is \$300,000,000, to be paid in eight years. Actually, it amounts to about twice that, because the sum is fixed on the basis of pre-1938 values. Already, in two years, more than one-third of the reparations have been paid, mostly in machinery, tools, paper and other commodities. A penalty of five per cent a month, or 60 per cent a year, is imposed for failure to deliver on time; thus Russia could levy tribute for an indefinite period in case of default.

At present, 80 per cent of Finland's workers in heavy industry, and 30 per cent of those in light industry are la-

boring solely to produce reparations for the Soviet Union. In order to maintain an undiminished flow of reparations products to Russia, Finland must import from abroad inordinately large quantities of raw materials and finished products, the purchase of which tremendously increases her cost of production. Recently a wave of wild-cat strikes—inspired by the Communists—added to Finland's economic difficulties. Inflation continues its endless spiral.

When I arrived at my hotel in Helsinki, I asked a porter to change a Swedish ten-kroner bill for me.

He smiled knowingly. "Well, the official rate is 440 marks to ten Swedish kroner, but I will pay you 1,400 marks." How much more he got for the bill later I do not know, but black market dealing is officially acknowledged everywhere.

The pay of workers seems good by prewar standards—in heavy industry they receive up to 8,000 marks a month. But in actual purchasing power that means hardly forty dollars a month. The price of pork, for example, is 400 marks, or two dollars a kilo. White collar workers, with no union behind them, have a really hard time. They have to take extra jobs in the evenings to earn enough for a bare existence.

APART FROM the Russian members of the reparations payment committee, only twelve Russian officers and officials and perhaps fifty Red Army soldiers were stationed in Helsinki, or Helsingfors, while I was there. I saw no evidence that they were interfering in the daily personal life of the Finns. It is through official channels—and especially through the Finnish Communists—that Russia is interfering.

The native Communists are the nightmare of Finland today. They have 51

members in Parliament, more than any other party. In today's Finland they form a new bourgeoisie, playing a leading role in the high life of its capital. These "defenders of the proletariat" drink the finest wines stolen from France by the Germans during the war and brought to Finland; their wives wear mink coats.

One of the richest women in Finland is Hella Vuolokki, chief of the state-owned radio and a Communist member of Parliament. She took over an elegant villa in Helsinki when its owner went to prison as a "war criminal." This czarina of the air waves sees to it that programs are devoted almost entirely to Communist propaganda. Occasionally Conservative or Social Democratic speakers are allowed to broadcast, but only on such non-political subjects as the breeding of pigs or the current influenza epidemic. Finns in general, however, seem to consider the radio chief a rather harmless—in fact, a ludicrous—figure.

Far from harmless is Yrje Leino, the Minister of the Interior, who is the coming man in the Communist Party. He controls the political police, who pay little attention to their legitimate duties—such as investigating foreigners who enter the country—but have become a virtual department of the Communist Party, assisting it in its plan to liquidate the other legal political parties. Many leading Finnish Communists who previously had fled to Russia have been returning to take up duties assigned to them by Leino.

Leino seems to fear for his life, and his house on the outskirts of Helsinki is constantly under guard by two armed policemen. The stories told about him are legion. I can vouch for the truth of at least one. It happened while I was in Finland; everyone talked about it.

An hour before his departure on a trip to the country, Leino ordered that a special salon car be attached to the train. During the trip, when he invited some of his colleagues on the train into his private car, they pointed to the outside of the car, where he saw a large message scrawled with chalk: "Now you are going too far." The private car was empty for the rest of the trip.

Leino's wife, Hertha, is the daughter of the Finnish quisling, Otto Kuusinen, who remains in the Soviet Union, and whose name, by secret order, is never mentioned in the Finnish press. Hertha, too, is a member of Parliament—sharp and cynical, she is a better orator than her husband. When I sought an interview with her, she disappeared inside the "powder room" of the Parliament building and did not emerge while I had the patience to wait. I found later that she dislikes interviews, especially with representatives of the "reactionary press."

The Minister of the Interior's appointees to the police force are all men who will do his bidding. For example, the Socialist paper, *Suomen Sosialdemokratii*, on September 10, revealed that a certain Eino Laakso, who had been charged with the murder of a constable in 1944 and for whose apprehension a reward of 35,000 marks had been promised, is now occupying the post of special assistant to the Communist Sippola, head of the control department of the political police.

Finnish newspapers generally avoid publishing news items of this sort, which might disturb relations with the "big neighbor." They have become adept, however, at writing for those who can read between the lines. And a document recently received from Finland shows that 80 per cent of the press commented favorably on the Marshall

Plan, even though Finland found it unsafe to join the nations participating in it.

STRENGTHENING the political hold of the Communists is a provision of the Paris treaty which decrees that Finland must "dissolve all organizations of a Fascist type on Finnish soil . . . as well as other organizations conducting propaganda hostile to the Soviet Union" . . . Criticism of Communist activity is interpreted as injurious to the foreign relations of Finland and is therefore punishable. Naturally, all anti-Communists are branded as "secret Fascists" against whom the "new democracy" must be defended.

President Juhoki Paasikivi, a conservative, has had to fall in line with Soviet appeasement. Now nearly 80 years old, he calls himself a "100 per cent realist." Many believe that he has done a magnificent job in present-day Finland, and that it is due to him that his country has not met the fate of Bulgaria and Hungary, and the Communists have not captured more power.

When I asked for an interview with the President, I was invited to come to his home at 7:30 in the morning. Then we walked to his office together. Paasikivi is as straight, strong and keen as a man half his age; he works all day and far into the night. Though he talked brilliantly, he gave me no real interview—nothing that would constitute a frank opinion on Finland's situation today.

I do remember one significant sentence of his: "We must not talk too much." And again I was reminded of Denmark under the Nazi occupation.

It is hopefully rumored that in the 1948 elections the Communists will lose half of their present strength in Parliament, and the Socialists and Agrarians will gain. But so far the Finnish Socialists have not dared to take a definite stand against the Communists. They have lost their strong man, Vaino Tanner, who is in prison. The ex-President, Risto Ryti, and the former foreign minister, Henrik Ramsay, are among other outstanding politicians sentenced to several years of imprisonment under Soviet pressure.

Finland lives in the shadow of her big neighbor—but she still lives, and works with courage against tremendous odds. In the present shifting pattern in eastern Europe, one thing is certain: Russia will not relax her hold over Finland, because that land is an essential military base. The last war showed that the Arctic has become a potential war theater of the first importance. The Soviet Union was aware of this during both Russo-Finnish wars, which were fought to gain control of Petsamo as well as Karelia. Now the U.S.S.R. holds and is fortifying these territories. Both in Moscow and in Washington there is a new recognition that the Arctic—the bridge to the roof of the world—would be of the utmost strategic value in deciding the destiny of our civilization.

"What is the most scattered country of Europe today?"

"Poland. It has its borders at the Oder, its army in Italy, its population in Siberia and its government in Moscow."

Story making the rounds in Paris

A BOOKMAN'S HORIZON

The Mystery of Pearl Harbor

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WALTER MILLIS' *This Is Pearl!* is the second full-length book on the tragedy that finally plunged the United States into World War II. The first, George Morgenstern's *Pearl Harbor: The Story of the Secret War* came out last winter; a third, by historian Charles A. Beard, is scheduled for some time next spring. The convergence of such writing talent upon the subject is due, no doubt, to partisan impulses; indeed, Mr. Millis' book seems designed to undercut the Morgenstern book, which more or less argues that Franklin D. Roosevelt manipulated the events of 1941 in such a way that Japan could do nothing except begin a war against us by a surprise blow. Actually, however, both Millis and Morgenstern are forced by the facts to tell very much the same story. They are forced, also, to admit the same ultimate mysteries, although Mr. Millis seems singularly incurious about following them up.

Stripped of their separate innuendoes, impeachments and special astigmatisms, both books convict the Roosevelt administration of a lack of candor throughout 1941. Mr. Morgenstern charges that Roosevelt fought an undeclared (and therefore unconstitutional) war against German submarines in the Atlantic; Mr. Millis admits the facts of the war (the pursuit of German submarines, Knox's "shooting orders," the *Greer, Kearny and Reuben James* incidents), but seems unconcerned about the question of their constitutionality.

(He seems satisfied that Roosevelt was following the Gallup Poll, but this raises a question which he does not explore: the question of whether a republic should be run by administrative interpretation of a plebiscite conducted by private individuals for private profit.)

When it comes to the question of responsibility for Pearl Harbor, Mr. Morgenstern runs beyond the known facts to insist that Roosevelt adroitly invited the incident that gave him the opportunity to range the United States in the war uninhibitedly. Mr. Millis is coy about ultimate responsibilities, but he does not deny that we made it tough for Japan to get out of the box created by the "China incident" and our oil embargo without losing face. Mr. Morgenstern absolves Admiral Kimmel and General Short of responsibility for the loss of our Pacific fleet on December 7, 1941, and saddles the blame upon the high command (including the Commander-in-Chief) in Washington; Mr. Millis distributes the blame between Washington and the officers in the field, with what seems to me unfair emphasis on the latter. Since Washington knew, from the "magic" interceptions of Japanese intelligence, a good deal more about what was going on in the Pacific than either Kimmel or Short could know, it seems to me that the scales of Mr. Millis' "rough wartime justice" should be tilted the other way.

The main difference between Morgenstern and Millis is one of emphasis

about the relative claims of geopolitics and internal political ethics. I happen to agree with Millis on his geopolitics: there were points beyond which it would have been dangerous, maybe even fatal, to allow Hitler and the Japanese to go. After all, Britain and China were (and still remain) the key flanking bastions on the world's strategy map, and it was to our advantage in 1941 to keep them from being rolled up. But Mr. Morgenstern's sense of internal political ethics is considerably sharper than Millis'. If we were in danger from Hitler and the Japanese in 1941, we were also in danger from a course of administrative action that was designed to meet the Hitlerian and Japanese threats by secretive *faits accomplis*. Maybe the 1941 Congress was not up to its responsibilities, but the fact remains that Roosevelt did not give it much of a chance to debate certain issues. In any case, the dilemmas of 1941 point to a need for alterations in our more cumbersome political mechanisms. If Congress is unable to move with speed in moments of international crisis, we are likely to be annihilated by a surprise blow from some "absolute" weapon of the future. On the other hand, if the executive arm of the government is not compelled to act in the open, we are likely to succumb to some species of Bonapartism that will effectively annihilate the republic from within.

Mr. Millis uses his geopolitical "musts" to justify the necessity, if not the legality, of the undeclared 1941 sea war in the Atlantic. We had to get the "tools" to Churchill—and if German submarines were attacking the convoys, then it was mere common sense for our destroyers to harry the subs by betraying their positions to the British airmen. And to free the British for fight-

ing in the Atlantic, we had to "get tough" with Japan in the Pacific. After all, it was "one world, one war," to use Willkie's phrase.

IF geopolitical considerations ultimately control the safety of nations, then a good case can be made for Mr. Millis' justification of events. Maybe Roosevelt had to move with secretive speed in the exact ways he did move to save Britain and Chiang Kai-shek. But there is another possibility that cuts somewhere between the so-called "Chicago Tribune thesis" of Morgenstern and Mr. Millis' "interventionist-isolationist" gloss. A more sensitive "estimate of the situation" in 1941 might have resulted in saving the British and Chinese bastions without the blood and tears of a two-front war. Neither isolationist nor interventionist could have objected to that.

On Mr. Millis' own showing, the Japanese were trying to pick up an empire "on the cheap." When the Germans were sweeping Stalin's armies before them in Russia, Tokyo policies were confident. But when the Russians refused to be annihilated, "certain slight evidences of renewed hesitation at Tokyo could be discerned from the dispatches." (The quotation is from Millis, page 136.) Now, if the Japanese were so attentive to the swing of events on the Russian front, it may be assumed that they attacked at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, in full confidence that Hitler was about to take Moscow and wind up the war on the eastern front in Europe. That confidence was to vanish almost immediately. For a week after the bombs fell on Pearl Harbor Hitler was compelled to admit the failure of the German Army before Moscow. Does this mean that if the United States had managed to stall

for a mere ten days' extra time in the Pacific in late 1941, Pearl Harbor might never have happened?

In the full glare of hindsight, this question puts a rather lurid light on Roosevelt's failure to accept the bid of Prince Konoye, the "last of the Japanese moderates," for a meeting in September and October to discuss a Pacific settlement. Ambassador Grew, who was certainly no Far Eastern "Munichman," advised Roosevelt to accept. True, there wasn't much hope that a meeting would result in anything that would be productive of peace for the long run. But even if nothing had come of a Konoye-Roosevelt conversation, we would have been no worse off than before. The worst that could have happened would have been the war that eventually did happen. However, even a fruitless parley with Konoye might have had a far-reaching practical effect on the future. Failure to reach an agreement would almost certainly have put us on our guard against a surprise blow. But even more than that, the time consumed by parleying would have enabled the Konoye government to last a few more weeks. In which case, the fire-eater Tojo would not have come into office in time to set the Japanese Pearl Harbor plan in motion for a date as early as December 7. If the Japanese had scheduled the attack for the subsequent weekend of December 14-15, the signal to "Climb Mount Nitaka" might never have gone out to the Japanese carriers in the North Pacific. For by then the German failure to take Moscow was apparent to the world. Russia was still a menace to the Japanese western flank.

The Roosevelt administration turned down the Konoye proposition when it was still confident that it could handle the threat of trouble in both oceans. But as September gave way to October, the

undeclared war in the Atlantic took a grim turn. As Millis says (see page 182), "On the Atlantic sea lanes (though this was not generally known) the 'shooting orders' had developed into what amounted to full naval war." When the Konoye government finally fell on October 16, the needs of the Atlantic had not fully dawned on Washington. But as Konoye's successor, Tojo, grew more and more belligerent, and as the convoying situation in the Atlantic required more and more attention from the U.S. Navy, the administration in Washington began frantically to shape up a temporizing policy for the Pacific. There followed the days of Morgenthau plans for the Far East, of proposed *modi vivendi*, and so on. But by then it was too late: Tojo was inexorable.

If the foregoing analysis of events is correct, it is far too simple to say that Roosevelt "trapped" the Japanese into attacking us. What Roosevelt actually did was to trap himself by being tough at the wrong time and temporizing at the wrong time. The toughness with Konoye in August and September cost him the chance of temporizing with any success at a later date. And the fruitless attempt to stall for time in late October and November very probably produced the psychology of impotent waiting that was to guarantee success for the December 7 surprise blow.

EVEN WITH the psychology of impotent waiting dominating high officials, the Japanese bombers might have been parried at Pearl Harbor if we had had an intelligence agency capable of collating the "magic" intercepts and the known facts of past Japanese history. But there was no agency in Washington capable of putting the pieces of the puzzle together as they fell into our

hands. Incidentally, Millis is singularly incurious about the inability of Colonel Rufus Bratton and Lieutenant Commander Alwyn Kramer to get the full significance of the Japanese "break-off" message of December 6 into the hands of Marshall, Stark and Roosevelt in time to have any effect. Both Bratton and Kramer changed their testimony from time to time during the various investigations of Pearl Harbor. Why? Was there pressure brought to bear? Senator Homer Ferguson suspects there was. From my own experience as a reporter who covered the Pearl Harbor investigation for *Life*, I suspect there was. But the whole question of the various versions of the sworn truth is blandly ignored by Millis. One would hardly gather from the Millis book that there have been six investigations of Pearl Harbor, and that there will certainly be more to come. Why did the extremely intelligent Kramer stultify himself when he swore that his December 7 "time-chart" of the Pacific was a mere "doodle"? Why wasn't General Bedell Smith asked to explain the reason for his failure to get Bratton's information to Marshall on the night of December 6? Why did Marshall say he was afraid the Japanese might tap a warning phone call to General Short in Hawaii on the morning of the 7th? (After all, the Japanese knew their own plans better than Marshall did.)

Failure of the Pearl Harbor investigators to pursue these questions lends a certain plausibility to the Morgenstern theory that Roosevelt wanted to make sure the Japanese hit us first. My own feeling is that the lack of evidence or the inconclusive evidence on these points derives from the very human desire of certain people to "cover up" for the "higher-ups." It does not necessarily mean the "higher-ups" wanted a

DISCUSSED THIS MONTH

THIS IS PEARL! The United States and Japan—1941. By Walter Millis. William Morrow & Co.; New York. \$4.

PEARL HARBOR: The Story of the Secret War. By George Morgenstern. Devin Adair; New York. \$3.

ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI. By Bernard DeVoto. Illustrated with paintings by Alfred Jacob Miller, Charles Rodner and George Catlin. With an account of the discovery of the Miller Collection by Mae Reed Porter. Houghton, Mifflin, Boston. \$10.

THE CONQUEST OF THE WEST. By Walter F. McCaleb. Prentice-Hall, Inc.; New York. \$3.75.

I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY: A Family Album of the American People, 1918 to Pearl Harbor. Pictures assembled by Agnes Rogers. Comment by Frederick Lewis Allen. Harper & Bros.; New York. \$5.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN RAILROADS. By Stewart H. Holbrook. 100 illustrations. Crown Publishers; New York. \$4.50.

NEW ENGLAND FOLKLORE. Edited by B. A. Botkin. Crown Publishers; New York. \$4.

REBEL AT LARGE; Recollections of Fifty Crowded Years. By George Creel. G. P. Putnam's Sons; New York. \$3.75.

THE GIFT OF LIFE: An Autobiography. By W. E. Woodward. E. P. Dutton & Co.; New York. \$4.75.

THE DAYS OF H. L. MENCKEN: Happy Days; Newspaper Days; Heathen Days. Three volumes in one. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf; New York. \$4.50.

war-making "incident"; it may merely indicate that loyal underlings can be made to take the rap for the stupidity of their superiors. But the suspicions will remain until the final truth is told.

One final point: why did the Roosevelt administration pull the gag about "military secrecy" when it stopped Tom Dewey's mouth on the subject of Pearl Harbor in 1944? The Japanese knew we were breaking their codes; indeed, they changed their naval code in the Pacific, after Midway. True, we were

still getting some use out of our knowledge of the Japanese diplomatic code messages that went between Berlin and Tokyo. But since our code-cracking ability extended in all directions, we had other and considerably better sources of information about the moves of the German and Japanese war machines.

Indeed, the presumption must be that the Japanese kept their old diplomatic code because they knew it didn't make

any difference in a period when diplomacy wasn't being practised anyway. If Dewey had told what he knew about Pearl Harbor during the 1944 campaign, it is at least doubtful that it would have endangered the life of a single soldier or the success of a single military plan or operation. The subject is worth pursuing: maybe there were Democrats in 1944 who were less afraid for their country than they were for their party.

Recent Americana

By BURTON RASCOE

DURING the past four months, American non-fiction, as reflected in the publishing lists, has achieved the healthiest and most inspiring aspect it has worn since 1933. Our fiction lags far behind in that respect, still wearing either the scowling, bullying countenance of the novels and biographical polemics of Howard Fast and other followers of the Communist party line, the hangover expression of current survivors of "the Hemingway school," such as John O'Hara's yarns of Westchester and Long Island country club dipsomania and erotic dislocation, or the Willie Howard soap-boxer expression of novels such as Sinclair Lewis' *Kingsblood Royal*, with its "let's do something about the Negro question right now."

All of the books discussed here—and they are only a few selections from a very appetizing fall and winter list—show a resurgence of pride in America's heroic and energetic past and confidence in her high destiny. "To be an American," George Santayana is quoted as saying in Lloyd Morris' exquisitely ironic *Postscript to Yesterday*, "is of it-

self almost a moral condition, an education, and a career."

These books are all bouncing and brave, full of the excitement of living; the humor in them is typical, indigenous American humor, of the kind that has descended, with various permutations, from the stories, tall tales, traditions, ballads and songs of the American people as collected by B. A. Botkin in his present *Treasury of New England Folklore* and his previous rich assemblage, *A Treasury of American Folklore*—an expansive, unsubtle, masculine humor, often naive or broad but never decadent, morose or cynical.

Even those among the authors of these books who now live and make their living in heterogeneous and metropolitan New York, are all products of the more representatively American sections of the country. Frederick Lewis Allen, in his running commentary on the marvellous collection of pictures of American life from 1918 to Pearl Harbor by his wife, Agnes Rogers, brings to it the dry, wise humor of the best products of Puritan Boston's New England education. William E. Wood-

A BOOKMAN'S HORIZON

ward, in some of his happier aspects, is still practically a tarheel from the region that produced Andrew Jackson, in spite of his reputation as a debunker of American history and of go-getterism. (The generation that acclaims *The Hucksters* doesn't know that Woodward did a much better job of it in *Bunk* and that his wife, Helen, a top-notch advertising writer, years ago also did a much better destructive-constructive job of it in her autobiographical *Through Many Windows*.)

Bernard DeVoto, whose *Across the Wide Missouri* is probably the most valuable and exciting single original contribution to American history since Francis Parkman's *Oregon Trail*, is a descendant of Mormon pioneers who settled near Salt Lake, Utah, and built a prosperous, pious and polygamous empire, and who, from a chair at Harvard and from an editorial chair at *Harper's Magazine*, is the country's gustiest proponent and defender of Mark Twain's America and literary exponent of what he calls America's manifest destiny.

The narrative of *Across the Wide Missouri* covers a span of only six years, 1832-1838, but it covers nearly every aspect of life, white and Indian, from St. Louis to what is now Portland, Oregon, during that momentous period of our national expansion. In his 49 pages of appendix and notes, the author corrects many historical misapprehensions and clears up many fallacies. The book is illustrated with 32 pages in full color and many others in black and white, from the recently-discovered Miller collection of watercolor paintings, which Alfred Miller made of the landscape, buffalo hunts, Indian life and of the western migration in the early 1830s. Miller, a young Baltimore artist, was a pictorial recorder of the

explorations of William Drummond Stewart, a descendant of an ancient British family, who as a second son, disgusted with the law of primogeniture, had gone adventuring not knowing that his elder brother had died meanwhile and that he was now Sir William. From his novel, notes and other papers, DeVoto has drawn for his dramatic story of the "hurrying of one era in our history to a close, and thereby making possible another one."

BORN ON THE Rio Grande in Texas, where life was "hard, primitive and poor," Walter F. McCaleb went on to take an A.M. from the University of Texas, and a Ph.D from the University of Chicago. From an associate editor of an encyclopaedia and of a liberal magazine in New York, he became an historian and one of the nation's leading bankers before retiring to Virginia as beekeeper and farmer. In *The Conquest of the West*, he has synthesized and condensed into an almost staccato narrative the epic story of the period 1800-1848, when the adventurous-minded spanned and settled a continent from the Mississippi to the Pacific. He is particularly concerned with the leadership of Sam Houston and Stephen Austin in the events which brought the Lone Star State into the Union and in the leadership of Thomas Larkin and John Charles Fremont in the events which led to the addition of the Golden State of California. McCaleb's prose is as bare of ornament as a Hearst editorial or an early Hemingway short story; therefore it is highly readable and good stuff for those whose knowledge of American history and sense of America's past is vague and scanty, owing to the deficiencies of our public school system and the unmitigated dullness of the standard public school textbooks.

Stewart Holbrook is a Vermonter, who, ever since he began to write, has acted as though Vermont, as George Ade said of Indiana, is a good state to come from. He now has a semi-detached position as an editorial writer for the *Portland Oregonian*, but he is forever roaming about the country, studying the daily life of people in various localities and turning up fascinating personality stories about men of vision, imagination, pluck, bravado (and often, eccentricity) who are deservedly honored heroic legends in their own regions but are hidden from the more publicized stream of American history. When last heard of, Holbrook had hied himself to Clay and Jackson Counties, Missouri, which spawned the James Brothers, Youngers, Daltons and other bandits of the outlaw years, and to Northfield, Minn., where the Youngers got their come-uppance.

The story of America's industrial expansion after the Civil War is largely the story of the building of the railroads. Holbrook, who must have wanted to be a locomotive engineer (as I did when I was in short pants) loves engines, cabooses, freight cars, Pullman cars and baggage cars and everything that goes with them—trainmen, tramps, bindle-stiffs, porters, conductors, rail-layers, bridge builders and railroad magnates from Vanderbilt and Jim Hill to Robert Young, and from the old smoke-belchers to the streamlined, air-conditioned, models-of-comfort coach trains of the Southern Pacific and the Super-Chief of the Santa Fé. His treatment of the theme and personalities of his subject is joyous.

H. L. Mencken is a proud native citizen of the Maryland Free State, a

tub-thumping exciter of revolt against the "genteel tradition" in American literature. He was to the literary generation of the Glorious Twenties a manipulator of magnificent prose, a man who is much more of a humorist in the Mark Twain tradition and much more of a scholar and lexicographer than a critic. He is a refined, but still vigorous, spiritual descendant of a variety of forebears—Thomas Jefferson and Cotton Mather, Bob Ingersoll and Elbert Hubbard, ferrule-wielding Nineteenth Century German pedants, and that Steeple-jack of the Arts, James Gibbon Huneker. His three-volume autobiography, *The Days of H. L. Mencken*, is the boisterous, caricaturing, colorful Menckonian humor at its best.

George Creel, raised on a farm in Lafayette County, Mo., has been a fighting newspaperman, magazine muckraker, publicist for woman suffrage, legislative and municipal reform and an official government propagandist under Woodrow Wilson. His worship for Wilson still seems only slightly this side of idolatry, but in this "Now-It-Can-Be Told" book he delivers the most devastating attack on the Roosevelt regime and the Roosevelt legend that has yet appeared. Creel depicts F.D.R. as a scion of inherited wealth, who was a snob and a royalist at heart, for all his professed concern with the "common man," a reckless and careless improviser in economic and international affairs, a man who could flip a coin to decide momentous issues, choose his lucky number as the price to be fixed for gold, and who never doubted his delusions of omniscience, infallibility and Messiahship from the day of his second election to the Presidency.



Libertygram

Who Said It?

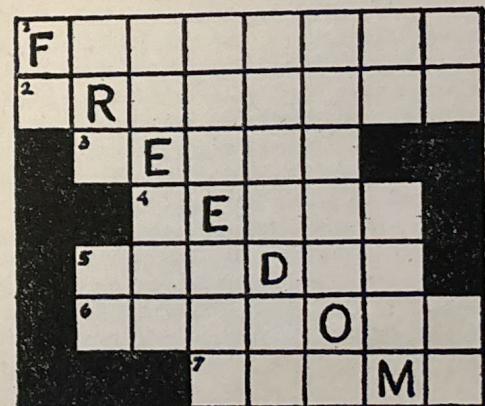


1. Where liberty dwells there is my country.
American (1709-1790)
2. But little do or can the best of us:
That little is achieved through liberty.
English (1812-1889)
3. Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains
and slavery? . . . I know not what course others may take; but as for me,
give me liberty, or give me death!
American (1736-1799)
4. Love of freedom is a prison flower, and we do not learn the full value of
liberty until we are imprisoned.
German (1797-1856)
5. The love of liberty with life is given.
English (1631-1700)
6. Our defense is in the spirit which prized liberty as the heritage of all men,
in all lands everywhere. Destroy this spirit and you have planted the seeds
of despotism at your own doors.
American (1809-1865)
7. The nation blessed with the largest portion of liberty must in proportion to
its numbers be the most powerful nation upon earth.
American (1767-1848)

DIRECTIONS

Seven famous sayings on liberty are given above. Facts on the author's country and dates of birth and death, also one letter of each name appearing on the diagram at the right, will help you solve the puzzle. Fill in the last name horizontally on the line which is numbered to correspond with the quotation. Answers on page 8.

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Jewish Congress in Captivity

By JACOB PAT

This article, condensed from the Jewish Daily Forward of September 28, is by the executive secretary of the Jewish Labor Committee. He reveals that, in line with Moscow's efforts to gain control of racial minorities everywhere, a campaign is under way to capture the World Jewish Congress. The high-sounding name of this organization which, incidentally, has never achieved dominant influence, would make a perfect front for Communist meddling in Jewish affairs.

"THE COMMUNISTS have evolved a plan to gain control of the Jewish World Congress of which Rabbi Stephen Wise is president. . . ." says a document that is lying before me. It must be some kind of joke. How can they capture it? What for?

However, two sources contain enough material to support the belief that the Communists have indeed mapped out this strategy, and that they may be successful. The official paper of the Central Jewish Committee of Poland, *The New Life*, (No. 45) reports in detail a plenary session of the Central Committee at which the question of joining the World Jewish Congress was discussed. The Polish Communist leader, Shmul Zachariash, and the leader of the Leftist Zionist Workers, (*Poale Zion*) Dr. Liberman, described the Prague conference of the Congress which they had attended. *Einigkeit*, Moscow (No. 89), published an article on the Congress.

These reports inform us that the Jewish communities of Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria were represented at the Prague conference by "leftist delegates." Austria sent two Communists and one Social Democrat;

Poland, one Communist and one from *Poale Zion*. French Jews were represented by two prominent Communists, Raisski and Adamicz. The American bureau of the World Congress plans to invite thirty delegates from the Soviet Union to join the organization.

Why do the Communists want to gain control of the World Congress? They explain: "The World Jewish Congress must fight against Trumanism, which is being supported by the reactionary elements in America; in the controversy between East and West, the World Jewish Congress must join with the East; on the question of Poland's eastern and western frontiers the World Jewish Congress, whose headquarters are in New York and whose president is Rabbi Stephen Wise, must be on the side of Russia and Poland."

It is true that the leadership of the World Jewish Congress is far removed from the Jewish masses. But Communist leader Zachariash is certain that "under sufficient pressure the World Congress can become an instrument for mass work."

The strategy is working. "Sufficient pressure" is already in evidence. With thirty delegates from the U.S.S.R. itself and more from its satellites, Zachariash should have plenty of help.

They say that Simon the Pious one *Yom Kippur* saw an ancient dressed in black enter his house with him but didn't see him leave. And so Simon knew that he would die that year.

This is the parable. The moral is that, since the World Congress has seen the Communists enter—and has even opened the door for them with special invitations—but hasn't seen them leave, it may suffer the same fate as Simon the Pious, who really did die that year.

Confessions of a Film Critic:

THE ARTY PARTY LINE

By HOWARD RUSHMORE

AS A *Daily Worker* film reviewer, thanks to the quaint ideology of my paper, I didn't have to observe the same conventions that bourgeois critics did; but I must admit they earn their money. You, as a fan, can choose your pictures: they have to see every one of them. From the time Hollywood introduced Little Eva and thawed hearts from ten Legrees below zero to the celluloid melting point, up to Mr. Zanuck's struggle to drive diapers from the Temple, the movie critics have kept their eyes and ears open to the changes around them. They have faithfully recorded the efforts of the director, the degree of perfection attained by the leading lady, the noble work of the supporting players, sound effects, etc. Even if you don't agree with their conclusions, you have to admit they must be alert. I always admired them, perhaps out of a sense of envy. To them Mr. Goldwyn might be a dangling adverb, but to me he was capitalism—and so was Mr. Longfellow Deeds and Miss Greta Garbo and technicolor.

At the start of my career as mezzanine sentry for Josef S. and Co., I was wont to praise certain directors and went so far to the right as to recommend Miss Bette Davis' twitchings. Soon the howls came from the comrades relative to my bourgeois outlook, and ever after I wrote my reviews with the idea (which proved correct) that no Communist plunks down his money at the box-office to enjoy or even to sleep through a film; he goes there to hurl mental shafts of *Das Kapital* at Louis

B. Mayer and Darryl Zanuck. Sit next to one: you can hear his frenzied groans as capitalism flits gaily across the screen, and the sight of a philanthropic banker is enough to drive him into hisses of rage. There are more "don'ts" in his head than in the Johnston office; I once made a list of twenty-five subjects that will turn any Stalin man into a human factory whistle as quick as Jimmy Cagney can throw an uppercut.

These hisses, however, are a sort of barometer to *Daily Worker* film critics. They served me well in moments when Hollywood tugged at my heartstrings. Miss Garbo's "Ninotchka" is a case in point. Viewed from any angle (except the left) that anti-Communist film was one of the year's best comedies. For a time I joined in the laughter at Mr. Stalin's expense, and then, from the great depths of the Music Hall came a lone hiss, terrible in its intensity. The serene course of Greta's throaty laugh seemed to pause and I came down to Marxist earth abruptly.

A few hours later the *Daily Worker* and Rushmore said bravely: "A million Garbo laughs cannot overcome the stern historical fact that this film with its anti-Soviet wisecracks comes exactly at a time when the Russian government is alone fighting for peace in the midst of imperialist war." (This was during the Stalin-Hitler pact.) That hiss had come just in time. The comrades liked my review and a member of the Central Committee was especially pleased with one line: "No matter what Lubitsch and all the sons of Lubitsches connected with him contributed, we still

say 'Ninotchka' is the worst film we have ever seen." The C.C. man said he thought that very funny.

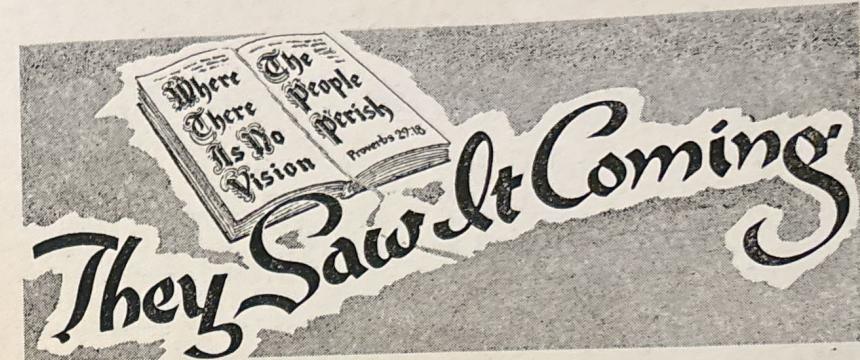
Those hisses from the left often startled the other patrons but served time and time again as my attack signal. Had I ignored them, the comrades would have descended on the *Daily Worker* editors with demands for my immediate exile. It wasn't a matter of my personal attitude in regard to a movie. During "Gunga Din" I had about settled in my mind that Mr. Hecht was trying to beat the late Mr. Kipling at his own game, when several wrathful hisses came from the balcony and the word "imperialism" flashed across my mind like a Warner montage. So I buried Mr. Cary Grant with the terse description "loyal guardian of Her Majesty's real estate." When Mr. Robert Donat tea-ed off in "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" I was less fortunate. I caught the early morning screening before my faithful and unseen comrade commentators had arisen; without my vocal red light I was left on my own and praised the film. The *New Masses* critic must have had the benefit of some hissing comrades for he said it was pure Chamberlainism, and from all quarters the ire of the Marxists descended on my bowed head.

I failed to smell out imperialism in another film, "Man of Conquest," which, if you remember, featured Mr. Richard Dix's jaw being added to the map of Texas. Hearing no hisses, I called it a fine cinema biography of Sam Houston, and the next day a Mr. Buchwald of the Communist *Morning Freiheit* called me and said I had served the cause of American imperialism and although he hadn't seen the picture, anything against Mexico was aggression

and who did I think I was anyhow. I made up with the sensitive Mr. Buchwald when "The Real Glory" came to town. Mr. Gary Cooper, I said in no uncertain terms, carried the Big Stick into the Philippines and beat hell out of the Moros. Mr. Buchwald called that review Marxist application of historical materialism to a given situation and United Artists.

"The Women" I rated as one of the funniest films of many a day, then a *Daily Worker* reader said hotly that Clare Boothe's females were anything but true; he thought they looked like mere pawns of the profit system. I argued, saying Marx believed in the equality of the "weaker" sex and Miss Boothe's women could beat any man any time at any thing. This particular comrade, it developed, had laughed with the rest until Miss Joan Crawford was shown in a bubble bath. "I had hoped she would go on the picket line instead," he stated mournfully. "She was only a salesgirl, and in such a bathtub. No, comrade, we must not be deceived. Think of the women in the coal towns who can't buy one cake of soap." I was a bit weary by this time. "That," I said, "is capitalism." Miss Crawford no doubt has aroused controversy before, but I believe this is the first time she ever took the negative on the question of Soap vs. Stalinism.

Then there are others who are very much at home in those theaters which show Russian films almost exclusively. There, before the main feature, the audience is put in the groove by a liberal application of Soviet newsreels showing Josef Stalin and Co. smiling across the Red Square in the direction of Belgrade, the cradle of the new Comintern infant.



This is the third of a series of condensations of great works from the past dealing with the issue of state socialism vs. democratic individualism. In these monthly digests we bring to our readers the forecasts of long-neglected thinkers who foresaw the modern retreat from freedom to slavery. The excerpts presented this month are taken from two of Herbert Spencer's essays in "The Man versus the State" with the permission of the publisher, Mr. James Gipson, Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, who brought out this classic work in 1940 (\$3.00) with an introduction by Albert Jay Nock.

HERBERT SPENCER

WHEN Herbert Spencer published in 1884 his *The Man versus the State*, Karl Marx had been dead just one year. But already the roots of the movement toward State socialism had been driven into the soil of the Western world. And Spencer, one of the most original and versatile thinkers of the nineteenth century, foresaw with astonishing clarity the future consequences of that movement. The very titles of his essays, "The Coming Slavery," and the subsequent "From Freedom to Bondage" (1891) spelled out the *mene, mene tekel upharsin* of our own days.

Anticipating the rise of a "grinding tyranny like that of ancient Peru" under a Socialist order, Spencer was one of the first to indict the "new Toryism" for carrying us back to despotism. "Most of those who now pass as Liberals are Tories of a new type," he affirmed, prophetically assaying the latter-day liberals who have hitched their bodies

and souls to the chariots of totalitarianism. With impeccable logic and imperceptible calm, Spencer leads the reader to the brink of the catastrophe at the end of the State Socialist rainbow, closing with the judgment: "There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts."

Spencer's works are part of humanity's great heritage of freedom. Although among his voluminous writings there are only a few reflecting his political views, these deserve widest study in the light of contemporary history.

THE PRECISION and inventiveness of Herbert Spencer's mind was apparent in his boyhood, when he began to do independent research in mathematics and mechanics. Born in Derby, England, in 1820, of two generations of schoolmasters, he received most of his education at home. He was allowed to

read anything he wished and to enter freely into the keen discussions of the family circle.

Young Herbert chose not to go to college, but in 1837 entered the employ of the London and Birmingham Railway as a civil engineer. In 1846 he decided to leave engineering: in the meantime he had begun to write. Among his earliest published writings was a series of letters on "The Proper Sphere of Government," appearing in the *Nonconformist*, in which he insisted on "the limitation of State action to the maintenance of equitable relations among citizens."

At the end of 1848 he was appointed sub-editor of the *Economist*. In his leisure time he wrote his first important work, *Social Statics; or, The Conditions Essential to Human Happiness Specified*, which was published in 1850 when he was only thirty years old. Of it, Albert Jay Nock has written in his introduction to *The Man versus the State*, republished in 1940 by The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho:

"This work established and made clear the fundamental principle that society should be organized on the basis of voluntary cooperation, not on the basis of compulsory cooperation, or under the threat of it. In a word, it established the principle of individualism as against Statism—against the principle underlying all the collectivist doctrines which are everywhere dominant at the present time. It contemplated the reduction of State power over the individual to an absolute minimum, and the raising of social power to its maximum; as against the principle of Statism, which contemplates the precise opposite."

As if foreseeing the rise of totalitarianism, Spencer defined its coming social regimentation with uncanny preci-

sion. In his "Postscript" to *Social Statics*, he wrote: "The militant type of society becomes characterized by profound confidence in the governing power, joined with a loyalty causing submission to it in all matters whatever. And there must tend to be established among those who speculate about political affairs in a militant society, a theory giving form to the needful ideas and feelings; accompanied by assertions that the law-giver if not divine in nature is divinely directed, and that unlimited obedience to him is divinely ordered."

Spencer left his editorial post in 1853 to devote himself to writing books and essays for quarterly reviews. His *Principles of Psychology* was published in 1855. A friend of Darwin and Huxley, he served as philosopher for the scientific movement of which they were the chief apostles. It was Spencer who coined the phrase, "the survival of the fittest," to explain the main theme of Darwin's *Origin of the Species*. Published in 1876, *The Principles of Sociology* gained for Spencer world fame. The rest of his life, until his death in 1903, was largely devoted to his encyclopaedic *Synthetic Philosophy*.

Spencer's principal biographer, William Henry Hudson, his friend for many years, described him thus: "A man of absolute independence of thought and judgment, and defiant of authority and tradition in every form, he was a born nonconformist . . . Headless of great names and established doctrines, he pushed his own way resolutely along the paths of investigation in which he is now recognized to have been a pioneer. This trait was associated on the moral side with splendid fearlessness and courage. Throughout life he spoke out what he thought without calculation of consequences."

FROM FREEDOM TO BONDAGE

By HERBERT SPENCER

OF THE many ways in which common sense inferences about social affairs are flatly contradicted by events (as when measures taken to suppress a book cause increased circulation of it, or as when attempts to prevent usurious rates of interest make the terms harder for the borrower, or, as when there is greater difficulty in getting things at the places of production than elsewhere) one of the most curious is the way in which the more things improve the louder become the exclamations about their badness.

In days when the people were without any political power, their subjection was rarely complained of; but after free institutions had so far advanced in England that our political arrangements were envied by continental peoples, the denunciations of aristocratic rule grew gradually stronger, until there came a great widening of the franchise, soon followed by complaints that things were going wrong for want of still further widening. If we trace up the treatment of women from the days of savagery, when they bore all the burdens and, after the men had eaten, received such food as remained, up through the Middle Ages when they served the men at their meals, to our own day when throughout our social arrangements the claims of women are always put first, we see that along with the worst treatment there went the least apparent consciousness that the treatment was bad; while now that they are better treated than ever before, the proclaiming of their grievances daily strengthens: the loudest outcries coming from "the paradise of women," America.

A century ago, when scarcely a man could be found who was not occasionally intoxicated, and when inability to take one or two bottles of wine brought contempt, no agitation arose against the vice of drunkenness; but now that, in the course of fifty years, the voluntary efforts of temperance societies, joined with more general causes, have produced comparative sobriety, there are vociferous demands for laws to prevent the ruinous effects of the liquor traffic. Similarly again with education. A few generations back, ability to read and write was practically limited to the upper and middle classes, and the suggestion that the rudiments of culture should be given to laborers was never made, or, if made ridiculed; but when, in the days of our grandfathers, the Sunday-school system, initiated by a few philanthropists, began to spread and was followed by the establishment of day-schools, with the result that among the masses those who could read and write were no longer the exceptions, and the demand for cheap literature rapidly increased, there began the cry that the people were perishing for lack of knowledge, and that the State must not simply educate them but must force education upon them.

And so it is, too, with the general state of the population in respect of food, clothing, shelter, and the appliances of life. . . . This progress has been still more marked within our own time. Anyone who can look back sixty years, when the amount of pauperism was far greater than now and beggars abundant, is struck by the comparative size and finish of the new houses occu-

pied by operatives—by the better dress of workmen, who wear broadcloth on Sundays, and that of servant girls, who vie with their mistresses—by the higher standard of living which leads to a great demand for the best qualities of food by working people: all results of the double change to higher wages and cheaper commodities, and a distribution of taxes which has relieved the lower classes at the expense of the upper classes. He is struck, too, by the contrast between the small space which popular welfare then occupied in public attention, and the large space it now occupies, with the result that outside and inside Parliament, plans to benefit the millions form the leading topics, and everyone having means is expected to join in some philanthropic effort.

Yet while elevation, mental and physical, of the masses is going on far more rapidly than ever before—while the lowering of the death-rate proves that the average life is less trying, there swells louder and louder the cry that the evils are so great that nothing short of a social revolution can cure them. In presence of obvious improvements, joined with that increase of longevity which even alone yields conclusive proof of general amelioration, it is proclaimed, with increasing vehemence, that things are so bad that society must be pulled to pieces and reorganized on another plan. In this case, then, as in the previous cases instanced, in proportion as the evil decreases the denunciation of it increases; and as fast as natural causes are shown to be powerful there grows up the belief that they are powerless.

NOT THAT the evils to be remedied are small. Let no one suppose that, by emphasizing the above paradox, I wish to make light of the suffer-

ings which most men have to bear. The fates of the great majority have ever been, and doubtless still are, so sad that it is painful to think of them. Unquestionably the existing type of social organization is one which none who care for their kind can contemplate with satisfaction; and unquestionably men's activities accompanying this type are far from being admirable. The strong divisions of rank and the immense inequalities of means are at variance with that ideal of human relations on which the sympathetic imagination likes to dwell; and the average conduct, under the pressure and excitement of social life as at present carried on, is in sundry respects repulsive. Though the many who revile competition strangely ignore the enormous benefits resulting from it—though they forget that most of all the appliances and products distinguishing civilization from savagery, and making possible the maintenance of a large population on a small area, have been developed by the struggle for existence—though they disregard the fact that while every man, as producer, suffers from the under-bidding of competitors, yet, as consumer, he is immensely advantaged by the cheapening of all he has to buy—though they persist in dwelling on the evils of competition and saying nothing of its benefits; yet it is not to be denied that the evils are great, and form a large set-off from the benefits.

The system under which we at present live fosters dishonesty and lying. It prompts adulterations of countless kinds; it is answerable for the cheap imitations which eventually in many cases thrust the genuine articles out of the market; it leads to the use of short weights and false measures; it introduces bribery, which vitiates most trading relations, from those of the manu-

facturer and buyer down to those of the shopkeeper and servant; it encourages deception to such an extent that an assistant who cannot tell a falsehood with a good face is blamed; and often it gives the conscientious trader the choice between adopting the malpractices of his competitors, or greatly injuring his creditors by bankruptcy. Moreover, the extensive frauds, common throughout the commercial world and daily exposed in law courts and newspapers, are largely due to the pressure under which competition places the higher industrial classes; and are otherwise due to that lavish expenditure which, as implying success in the commercial struggle, brings honor. With these minor evils must be joined the major one, that the distribution achieved by the system, gives to those who regulate and superintend, a share of the total produce which bears too large a ratio to the share it gives to the actual workers. Let it not be thought, then, that in saying what I have said above, I underestimate those vices of our competitive system which, thirty years ago, I described and denounced. But it is not a question of absolute evils; it is a question of relative evils—whether the evils at present suffered are or are not less than the evils which would be suffered under another system—whether efforts for mitigation along the lines thus far followed are not more likely to succeed than efforts along utterly different lines. . . .

THE RESTLESSNESS generated by pressure against the conditions of existence, perpetually prompts the desire to try a new position. . . . Unlike in appearance and names as it may be to the old order of slaves and serfs, working under masters, who were themselves vassals of dukes or kings, the new order

wished for, constituted by workers under foremen of small groups, overlooked by superintendents, who are subject to higher local managers, who are controlled by superiors of districts, themselves under a central government, must be essentially the same in principle. In the one case, as in the other, there must be established grades, and enforced subordination of each grade to the grades above.

This is a truth which the Communist or the Socialist does not dwell upon. Angry with the existing system under which each of us takes care of himself, while all of us see that each has fair play, he thinks how much better it would be for all of us to take care of each of us; and he refrains from thinking of the machinery by which this is to be done. Inevitably, if each is to be cared for by all, then the embodied all must get the means—the necessities of life. What it gives to each must be taken from the accumulated contributions; and it must therefore require from each his proportion—must tell him how much he has to give to the general stock in the shape of production, that he may have so much in the shape of sustentation. Hence, before he can be provided for, he must put himself under orders, and obey those who say what he shall do, and at what hours, and where; and who gives him his share of food, clothing, and shelter.

If competition is excluded, and with it buying and selling, there can be no voluntary exchange of so much labor for so much produce; but there must be apportionment of the one to the other by appointed officers. This apportionment must be enforced. Without alternative the work must be done, and without alternative the benefit, whatever it may be, must be accepted. For

the worker may not leave his place at will and offer himself elsewhere. Under such a system he cannot be accepted elsewhere, save by order of the authorities. And it is manifest that a standing order would forbid employment in one place of an insubordinate member from another place: the system could not be worked if the workers were severally allowed to go or come as they pleased. With corporals and sergeants under them, the captains of industry must carry out the orders of their colonels, and these of their generals, up to the council of the commander-in-chief; and obedience must be required throughout the industrial army as throughout a fighting army.

"Do your prescribed duties, and take your apportioned rations," must be the rule of the one as of the other. "Well, be it so," replies the Socialist. "The workers will appoint their own officers, and these will always be subject to criticisms of the mass they regulate. Being thus in fear of public opinion, they will be sure to act judiciously and fairly; or when they do not, will be deposed by the popular vote, local or general. Where will be the grievance of being under superiors, when the superiors themselves are under democratic control?" And in this attractive vision the Socialist has full belief.

IRON AND BRASS are simpler things than flesh and blood, and dead wood than living nerve; and a machine constructed of the one works in more definite ways than an organism constructed of the other—especially when the machine is worked by the inorganic forces of steam or water, while the organism is worked by the forces of living nerve-centers. Manifestly, then, the ways in which the machine will work are much more readily calculable than the ways

in which the organism will work. Yet in how few cases does the inventor foresee rightly the actions of his new apparatus! Read the patent list, and it will be found that not more than one device in fifty turns out to be of any service. Plausible as his scheme seemed to the inventor, one or other hitch prevents the intended operation, and brings out a widely different result from that which he wished.

What, then, shall we say of these schemes which have to do not with dead matters and forces, but with complex living organisms working in ways less readily foreseen, and which involve the cooperation of multitudes of such organisms? Even the units out of which this rearranged body politic is to be formed are often incomprehensible. Everyone is from time to time surprised by others' behavior, and even by the deeds of relatives who are best known to him. Seeing, then, how uncertainly anyone can foresee the actions of an individual, how can he with any certainty foresee the operation of a social structure? He proceeds on the assumption that all concerned will judge rightly and act fairly—will think as they ought to think, and act as they ought to act; and he assumes this regardless of the daily experiences which show him that men do neither the one nor the other, and forgetting that the complaints he makes against the existing system show his belief to be that men have neither the wisdom nor the rectitude which his plan requires them to have. . . .

A CARDINAL TRAIT in all advancing organization is the development of the regulative apparatus. If the parts of a whole are to act together, there must be appliances by which their actions are directed; and in proportion as the

whole is large and complex, and has many requirements to be met by many agencies, the directive apparatus must be extensive, elaborate, and powerful. That it is thus with individual organisms needs no saying; and that it must be thus with social organisms is obvious. Beyond the regulative apparatus such as in our own society is required for carrying on national defense and maintaining public order and personal safety, there must, under the regime of socialism, be a regulative apparatus everywhere controlling all kinds of production and distribution, and everywhere apportioning the shares of products of each kind required for each locality, each working establishment, each individual.

Under our existing voluntary cooperation, with its free contracts and its competition, production and distribution need no official oversight. Demand and supply, and the desire of each man to gain a living by supplying the needs of his fellows, spontaneously evolve that wonderful system whereby a great city has its food daily brought round to all doors or stored at adjacent shops; has clothing for its citizens everywhere at hand in multitudinous varieties; has its houses and furniture and fuel ready made or stocked in each locality. . . .

Suppose now that this industrial regime of willinghood, acting spontaneously, is replaced by a regime of industrial obedience, enforced by public officials. Imagine the vast administration required for that distribution of all commodities to all people in every city, town and village, which is now effected by traders! Imagine, again, the still more vast administration required for doing all that farmers, manufacturers, and merchants do; having not only its various orders of local superintendents, but its sub-centers and chief centers

needed for apportioning the quantities of each thing everywhere needed, and the adjustment of them to the requisite times. Then add the staffs wanted for working mines, railways, roads, canals; the staffs required for conducting the importing and exporting businesses and the administration of mercantile shipping; the staffs required for supplying towns not only with water and gas but with locomotion by tramways, omnibuses, and other vehicles, and for the distribution of power, electric and other. Join with these the existing postal, telegraphic, and telephonic administrations; and finally those of the police and army, by which the dictates of this immense consolidated regulative system are to be everywhere enforced.

Imagine all this! Already on the continent, where governmental organizations are more elaborate and coercive than here, there are chronic complaints of the tyranny of bureaucracies—the hauteur and brutality of their members. What will these become when not only the more public actions of citizens are controlled, but there is added this far more extensive control of all their respective daily duties? What will happen when the various divisions of this vast army of officials, united by interests common to officialism—the interests of the regulators *versus* those of the regulated—have at their command whatever force is needful to suppress insubordination and act as "saviors of society"? Where will be the actual diggers and miners and smelters and weavers, when those who order and superintend, everywhere arranged class above class, have come, after some generations, to intermarry with those of kindred grades, under feelings such as are operative in existing classes; and when there have been so produced a series of castes rising in superiority; and when all these,

having everything in their own power, have arranged modes of living for their own advantage: eventually forming a new aristocracy far more elaborate and better organized than the old? How will the individual worker fare if he is dissatisfied with his treatment—thinks that he has not an adequate share of the products, or has more to do than can rightly be demanded, or wishes to undertake a function for which he feels himself fitted but which is not thought proper for him by his superiors, or desires to make an independent career for himself? This dissatisfied unit in the immense machine will be told he must submit or go. The mildest penalty for disobedience will be industrial excommunication. And if an international organization of labor is formed as proposed, exclusion in one country will mean exclusion in all—industrial excommunication will mean starvation.

THAT THINGS must take this course is a conclusion reached not by deduction only, nor only by induction from those experiences of the past instanced above, nor only from consideration of the analogies furnished by organisms of all orders; but it is reached also by observation of cases daily under our eyes. The truth that the regulative structure always tends to increase in power, is illustrated by every established body of men. The history of each learned society, or society for other purpose, shows how the staff, permanent or partially permanent, sways the proceedings and determines the actions of the society with but little resistance, even when most members of the society disapprove: the repugnance to anything like a revolutionary step being ordinarily an efficient deterrent. So it is with joint-stock companies—those owning railways, for example. The plans of

a board of directors are usually authorized with little or no discussion; and if there is any considerable opposition, this is forthwith crushed by an overwhelming number of proxies sent by those who always support the existing administration. Only when the misconduct is extreme does the resistance of shareholders suffice to displace the ruling body.

Nor is it otherwise with societies formed of working men and having the interests of labor especially at heart—the trades unions. In these, too, the regulative agency becomes all powerful. Their members, even when they dissent from the policy pursued, habitually yield to the authorities they have set up. As they cannot secede without making enemies of their fellow-workmen, and often losing all chance of employment, they succumb. We are shown, too, by the late congress, that already, in the general organization of trades unions so recently formed, there are complaints of "wire-pullers" and "bosses" and "permanent officials." If, then, this supremacy of the regulators is seen in bodies of quite modern origin, formed of men who have, in many of the cases instanced, unhindered powers of asserting their independence, what will the supremacy of the regulators become in long-established bodies, in bodies which have grown vast and highly organized, and in bodies which, instead of controlling only a small part of the unit's life, control the whole of his life? . . .

THE TRAITS thus shown must be operative in any new social organization, and the question to be asked is—What will result from their operation when they are relieved from all restraints? At present the separate bodies of men displaying them are in the midst of a

society partially passive, partially antagonistic; are subject to the criticisms and reprobations of an independent press; and are under the control of law, enforced by police. If in these circumstances these bodies habitually take courses which override individual freedom, what will happen when, instead of being only scattered parts of the community, governed by their separate sets of regulators, they constitute the whole community, governed by a consolidated system of such regulators; when functionaries of all orders, including those who officer the press, form parts of the regulative organization; and when the law is both enacted and administered by this regulative organization? The fanatical adherents of a social theory are capable of taking any measures, no matter how extreme, for carrying out their views: holding, like the merciless priesthoods of past times, that the end justifies the means. And when a general socialistic organization has been established, the vast, ramified, and consolidated body of those who direct its activities, using without check whatever coercion seems to them needful in the interests of the system (which will practically become their own interests) will have no hesitation in imposing their rigorous rule over the entire lives of the actual workers; until, eventually, there is developed an official oligarchy, with its various grades, exercising a tyranny more gigantic and more terrible than any the world has seen.

Let me again repudiate an erroneous inference. Anyone who supposes that the foregoing argument implies contentment with things as they are, makes a profound mistake. The present social state is transitional, as past social states have been transitional. There will, I hope and believe, come a future social state differing as much from the present as the present differs from the past with its mailed barons and defenseless serfs. In *Social Statics*, as well as in *The Study of Sociology* and in *Political Institutions*, is clearly shown the desire for an organization more conducive to the happiness of men at large than that which exists. My opposition to socialism results from the belief that it would stop the progress to such a higher state and bring back a lower state. Nothing but the slow modification of human nature by the discipline of social life can produce permanently advantageous changes. . . .

No such nature as that which has filled Europe with millions of armed men, here eager for conquest and there for revenge—no such nature as that which prompts the nations called Christian to vie with one another in filibustering expeditions all over the world, regardless of the claims of aborigines, while their tens of thousands of priests of the religion of love look on approvingly—no such nature as that which, in dealing with weaker races, goes beyond the primitive rule of life for life, and for one life takes many lives—no such nature, I say, can, by any device, be framed into a harmonious community. The root of all well-ordered social action is a sentiment of justice, which at once insists on personal freedom and is solicitous for the like freedom of others. . . .

It is not, then, chiefly in the interests of the employing classes that socialism is to be resisted, but much more in the interests of the employed classes. In one way or other production must be regulated; and the regulators, in the nature of things, must always be a small class as compared with the actual producers. Under voluntary cooperation as at present carried on, the regulators, pursuing their personal interests, take

as large a share of the produce as they can get; but, as we are daily shown by trades union successes, are restrained in the selfish pursuit of their ends. Under that compulsory cooperation which socialism would necessitate, the regulators, pursuing their personal interests with no less selfishness, could not be met by the combined resistance of free workers; and their power, unchecked as now by refusals to work save on prescribed terms, would grow and ramify and con-

solidate till it became irresistible. The ultimate result, as I have before pointed out, must be a society like that of ancient Peru, dreadful to contemplate, in which the mass of the people, elaborately regimented in groups of 10, 50, 100, 500, and 1,000, ruled by officers of corresponding grades, and tied to their districts, were superintended in their private lives as well as in their industries, and toiled hopelessly for the support of the governmental organization.

The Coming Slavery

COMMUNISTIC THEORIES, partially indorsed by one Act of Parliament after another, and tacitly if not avowedly favored by numerous public men seeking supporters, are being advocated more and more vociferously by popular leaders, and urged on by organized societies. . . .

It remains to point out that the tendencies thus variously displayed, are being strengthened by press advocacy, daily more pronounced. Journalists, always chary of saying that which is distasteful to their readers, are some of them going with the stream and adding to its force. Legislative meddlings which they would once have condemned they now pass in silence, if they do not advocate them; and they speak of *laissez-faire* as an exploded doctrine. "People are no longer frightened at the thought of socialism," is the statement which meets us one day. . . . Meanwhile those who regard the recent course of legislation as disastrous, and see that its future course is likely to be still more disastrous, are being reduced to silence by the belief that it is useless to reason with people in a state of political intoxication. . . .

And the change is being on all sides aided by schemers, each of whom thinks only of his pet plan and not at all of the general reorganization which his plan, joined with others such, are working out. It is said that the French Revolution devoured its own children. Here, an analogous catastrophe seems not unlikely. The numerous socialistic changes made by Act of Parliament, joined with the numerous others presently to be made, will by-and-by be all merged in State socialism—swallowed in the vast wave which they have little by little raised.

"**B**UT WHY is this change described as 'the coming slavery'?" is a question which many will still ask. The reply is simple. All socialism involves slavery.

What is essential to the idea of a slave? We primarily think of him as one who is owned by another. To be more than nominal, however, the ownership must be shown by control of the slave's actions—a control which is habitually for the benefit of the controller. That which fundamentally distinguishes the slave is that he labors under coer-

cion to satisfy another's desires. The relation admits of sundry gradations. Remembering that originally the slave is a prisoner whose life is at the mercy of his captor, it suffices here to note that there is a harsh form of slavery in which, treated as an animal, he has to expend his entire effort for his owner's advantage. Under a system less harsh, though occupied chiefly in working for his owner, he is allowed a short time in which to work for himself, and some ground on which to grow extra food.

A further amelioration gives him power to sell the produce of his plot and keep the proceeds. Then we come to the still more moderated form which commonly arises where, having been a free man working on his own land, conquest turns him into what we distinguish as a serf; and he has to give to his owner each year a fixed amount of labor or produce, or both: retaining the rest himself. Finally, in some cases, as in Russia before serfdom was abolished, he is allowed to leave his owner's estate and work or trade for himself elsewhere, under the condition that he shall pay an annual sum. What is it which, in these cases, leads us to qualify our conception of the slavery as more or less severe? Evidently the greater or smaller extent to which effort is compulsorily expended for the benefit of another instead of for self-benefit. . . .

Take now a further step. Suppose an owner dies, and his estate with its slaves comes into the hands of trustees; or suppose the estate and everything on it to be bought by a company; is the condition of the slave any the better if the amount of his compulsory labor remains the same? Suppose that for a company we substitute the community; does it make any difference to the slave if the time he has to work for others

is as great, and the time left for himself is as small, as before? The essential question is—How much is he compelled to labor for other benefit than his own, and how much can he labor for his own benefit? The degree of his slavery varies according to the ratio between that which he is forced to yield up and that which he is allowed to retain; and it matters not whether his master is a single person or a society. If, without option, he has to labor for the society, and receives from the general stock such portion as the society awards him, he becomes a slave to the society. Socialistic arrangements necessitate an enslavement of this kind; and towards such an enslavement many recent measures, and still more the measures advocated, are carrying us. . . .

their liberties must be surrendered in proportion as their material welfares were cared for.

For no form of cooperation, small or great, can be carried on without regulation, and an implied submission to the regulating agencies. Even one of their own organizations for effecting social changes yields them proof. It is compelled to have its councils, its local and general officers, its authoritative leaders, who must be obeyed under penalty of confusion and failure. And the experience of those who are loudest in their advocacy of a new social order under the paternal control of a government, shows that even in private voluntarily-formed societies, the power of the regulative organization becomes great, if not irresistible: often, indeed, causing grumbling and restiveness among those controlled. Trades-unions which carry on a kind of industrial war in defense of workers' interests *versus* employers' interest, find that subordination almost military in its strictness is needful to secure efficient action; for divided councils prove fatal to success. And even in bodies of cooperators, formed for carrying on manufacturing or distributing businesses, and not needing that obedience to leaders which is required where the aims are offensive or defensive, it is still found that the administrative agency gains such supremacy that there arise complaints about "the tyranny of organization."

Judge then what must happen when, instead of relatively small combinations, to which men may belong or not as they please, we have a national combination in which each citizen finds himself incorporated, and from which he cannot separate himself without leaving the country. Judge what must under such conditions become the despotism of a graduated and centralized officialism,

holding in its hands the resources of the community, and having behind it whatever amount of force it finds requisite to carry out its decrees and maintain what it calls order. Well may Prince Bismarck display leanings towards State socialism. . . .

In ancient Greece the accepted principle was that the citizen belonged neither to himself nor to his family, but belonged to his city—the city being with the Greek equivalent to the community. And this doctrine, proper to a state of constant warfare, is a doctrine which socialism unawares reintroduces into a state intended to be purely industrial. The services of each will belong to the aggregate of all; and for these services, such returns will be given as the authorities think proper. So that even if the administration is of the beneficent kind intended to be secured, slavery, however mild, must be the outcome of the arrangement.

A second rejoinder is that the administration will presently become not of the intended kind, and that the slavery will not be mild. The Socialist speculation is vitiated by an assumption like that which vitiates the speculations of the "practical" politician. It is assumed that officialism will work as it is intended to work, which it never does. The machinery of communism, like existing social machinery, has to be framed out of existing human nature; and the defects of existing human nature will generate in the one the same evils as in the other. The love of power, the selfishness, the injustice, the untruthfulness, which often in comparatively short times bring private organizations to disaster, will inevitably, where their effects accumulate from generation to generation, work evils far greater and less remediable; since, vast and complex and possessed of all the resources, the

administrative organization once developed and consolidated, must become irresistible. . . .

THE FINAL RESULT would be a revival of despotism. A disciplined army of civil officials, like an army of military officials, gives supreme power to its head—a power which has often led to usurpation, as in medieval Europe and still more in Japan—nay, has thus so led among our neighbors, within our own times. . . . That those who rose to power in a socialistic organization would not scruple to carry out their aims at all costs, we have good reason for concluding. When we find that shareholders who, sometimes gaining but often losing, have made that railway-system by which national prosperity has been so greatly increased, are spoken of by the council of the Democratic Federation as having "laid hands" on the means of communication, we may infer that those who directed a socialistic administration might interpret with extreme perversity the claims of individuals and classes under their control. And when, further, we find members of this same council urging that the State should take possession of the railways, "with or without compensation," we may suspect that the heads of the ideal society desired, would be but little deterred by considerations of equity from pursuing whatever policy they thought needful: a policy which would always be one identified with their own supremacy.

It would need but a war with an adjacent society, or some internal discontent demanding forcible suppression, to at once transform a socialistic administration into a grinding tyranny like that of ancient Peru; under which the mass of the people, controlled by grades of officials, and leading lives that were

inspected out-of-doors and indoors, labored for the support of the organization which regulated them, and were left with but a bare subsistence for themselves. And then would be completely revived, under a different form, that regime of status—that system of compulsory cooperation, the decaying tradition of which is represented by the old Toryism, and towards which the new Toryism is carrying us back.

"But we shall be on our guard against all that—we shall take precautions to ward off such disasters," will doubtless say the enthusiasts. Be they "practical" politicians with their new regulative measures, or Communists with their schemes for reorganizing labor, their reply is ever the same:—"It is true that plans of kindred nature have, from unforeseen causes or adverse accidents, or the misdeeds of those concerned, been brought to failure; but this time we shall profit by past experiences and succeed." There seems no getting people to accept the truth, which nevertheless is conspicuous enough, that the welfare of a society and the justice of its arrangements are at bottom dependent on the characters of its members; and that improvement in neither can take place without that improvement in character which results from carrying on peaceful industry under the restraints imposed by an orderly social life. The belief, not only of the Socialists but also of those so-called Liberals who are diligently preparing the way for them, is that by due skill an ill-working humanity may be framed into well-working institutions. It is a delusion. The defective natures of citizens will show themselves in the bad acting of whatever social structure they are arranged into. There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts.

Letters to the Editor

Sir:

I have been shown the text of an article on Trygve Lie written by Sheppard Marley which appeared in a recent issue of the magazine **PLAIN TALK**. This article is inaccurate and untrue in many particulars as regards Mr. Lie and other persons. In this letter I desire to correct three false statements with regard to myself.

1. The article states that I have been a member of the Committee on International Law of the National Lawyers' Guild "which was repudiated as Communist-controlled by such liberal attorneys as Frank P. Walsh, Morris Ernst, Ferdinand Pecora and Robert Jackson."

I am not and never have been a member of the National Lawyers' Guild. I refused to join it from the outset on the ground that I did not agree with the policies it was advocating. In 1937 my name was mentioned in the press as a subscriber to a report on American policy in Spain prepared by the Committee on International Law of this organization. The fact was that I had been shown a copy of this report and had refused to be associated with it. In order to make the situation clear I wrote at that time to the then Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, and the then Attorney-General, Homer Cummings, stating that I had not subscribed to the report and that I disagreed with it. Copies of this correspondence are available to you.

2. It is further stated that I was a member of the Washington Committee for Democratic Action.

I was at no time a member of this organization, never attended any of its meetings and had no sympathy whatever for its policies or leadership. There is no foundation whatever for the assertion in your article.

3. It was also stated that "Feller's Russian sympathies are well-known to his associates."

Since no "associates" are quoted this assertion cannot be dealt with in the same categorical fashion as those mentioned above. I think it perfectly proper for me, as an international civil servant, to say at least the following:

I do not have and have never had any sympathy for the Communist party, for any Communist fronts, or for the policies of any of these organizations or their leaders. I do not belong and never have belonged to any organization which had the remotest connection with Communism. At the present time

I belong to the American Bar Association, the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, the American Society of International Law and the Harvard Law Association.

A. H. FELLER
General Counsel and Director,
Legal Department, United Nations.

Sir:

The News-Letter of the National Lawyers' Guild for July, 1937, reported on page 2, Mr. Feller's membership on the Committee on International Law of the National Lawyers' Guild. The reference to his connection with the Washington Committee for Democratic Action was an inadvertent error on my part, since Mr. Feller's name appears only on the mailing list of that organization. With regard to his "Russian sympathies," I can only welcome his present disavowal, but the statement was based upon the authority of several of his former associates in Washington. The following unsolicited letter from a Norwegian Social Democrat is illuminating in view of Mr. Feller's exceptions on behalf of Mr. Lie.

SHEPPARD MARLEY

Sir:

As a Norwegian trade-unionist, now visiting your wonderful country, I was quite amazed to read your very courageous article on Trygve Lie. We, in Norway, know Trygve Lie quite well, and I wonder if you would permit me to give a few additional facts for Mr. Lie's biography:

1. Trygve Lie manipulated the deportation of Leon Trotsky, without trial, after the Soviet Union had stopped the entire Norwegian herring export to Russia and Norway's herring export dropped about 70 per cent.

2. Trygve Lie was for years the head of *Arbeider Idretten*, the Norwegian labor sport organization, and organized soccer games with the Russians and worked with the Communist sport organizations in Sweden under Johan Nordh.

3. When Trygve Lie was making Norwegian foreign policy in London during the days of the exile government, he issued an order to all Norwegian officials not to participate in any conferences or work with any international groups which still recognized the governments of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania.

4. Lie represents the official line of the Norwegian Labor Party: "We are for Russia, but we don't like the Norwegian Communists." And there are very few Norwegian Communists anyway, because the Labor Party is a left-wing Socialist group similar to the ones now collaborating with the Russians behind the iron curtain.

PETER ODEGAARD

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